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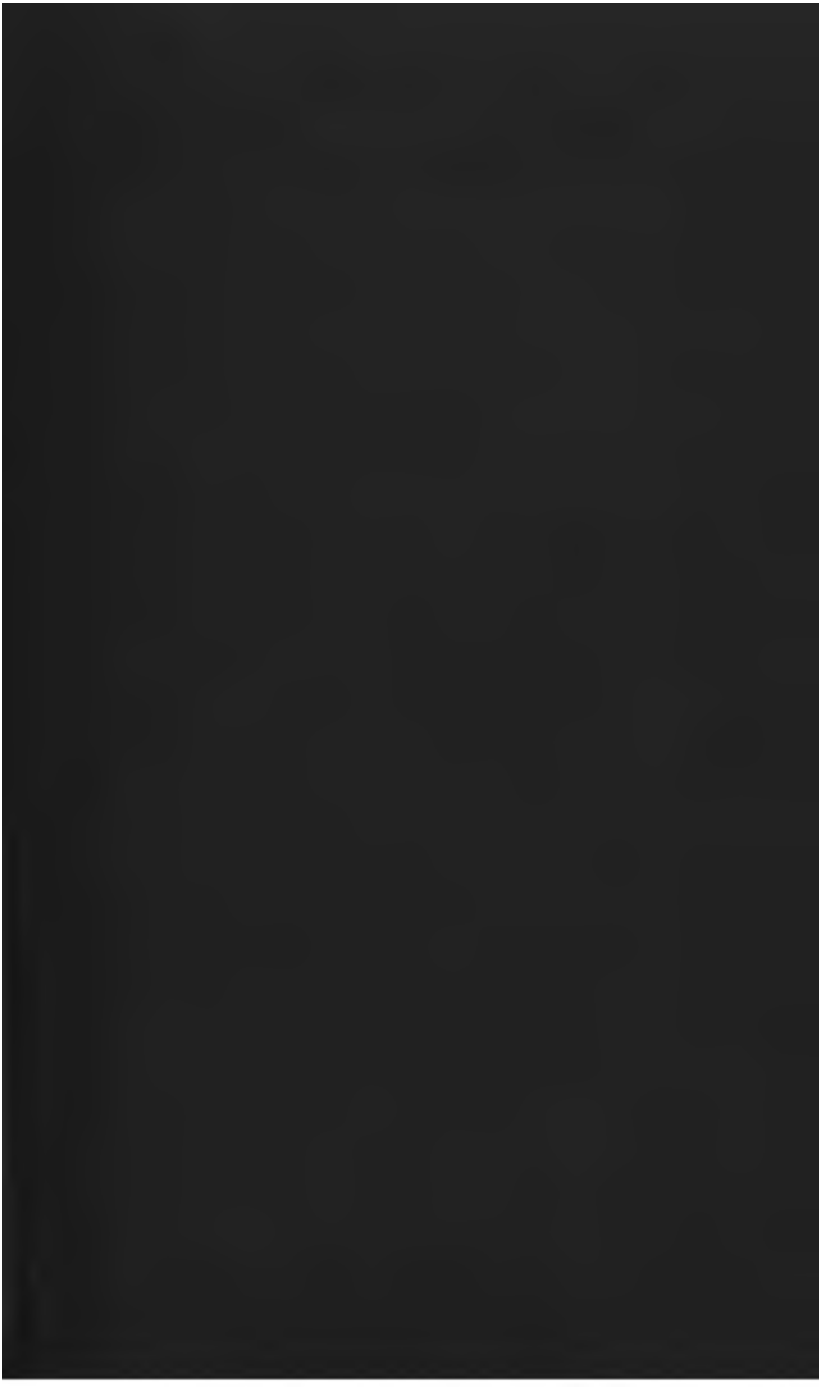

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MY TRAVELS;

OR,

AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND,

AND ITALY.

BY

CAPTAIN CHAMIER, R.N.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF A SAILOR," &c.

"To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart."

DON JUAN, Canto V.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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MY TRAVELS.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY.

I AM a married man—I married in a hurry. I did everything in a hurry, and my wife has frequently said, with some expression of hope in her countenance, that I should die in a hurry; but here I am, hale and hearty, having outlived a sickly season in Jamaica, and the French Revolution of 1848.

There never was much poetry *in* my composition, or *of* my composition. I made love, as a hungry man dresses for dinner; I

was excessively glad when I had finished my toilette, and made my offer; and when I found the nuptial chairs placed round the matrimonial board, I rejoiced that I had no longer even to imagine sentiment in the slightest degree necessary for the ceremony of stringing together two human beings for the rest of the natural life of either one of them.

Time passed onwards—we went through the usual highway of life, jumbling in the ruts of discord and then mooning along the uninteresting road of macadamized quietude, until my daughter (I never had but one child, Allah be praised! for children are great bores,) was on or near about of age; and then, as she had exhausted the modern Babylon, London, and grown wearied of Paris, and half *blazeed* with every thing and every body—it was resolved that we should travel.

My wife is a pretty-faced woman enough, with large dark eyes. Sentimental humbugs of poets would compare them to those of the wild gazelle or roe; they were nothing but eyes, large, black, and clear; her nose had a devotional inclination towards heaven; her mouth was small and pretty, and her feet and hands gave the bootmaker and the glover

such trouble to fit her, that they charged her more than a woman with a mud-crushing foot or a scullery-maid's hands. Everything is by comparison. I was a giant in Mexico; and on my asking a shoemaker for a pair of ready-made shoes, I was answered, "that they never kept articles large enough for elephants:" the man had no sentiment, and we became great friends. As for my daughter, she was fair and comely enough, with a horror of a freckle, and who covered her face with veils and uglies, until the most piercing eye could never have ascertained if she were twenty or sixty. She had as many double gossamers as would have covered a small parish—her pride was in her paleness; the more she resembled a Hertfordshire white, as those vulgar farmers denominate a certain turnip, the more she was in admiration of her delicate complexion: to grow fat, was to grow vulgar; and the carnation tinge in the cheek of youth—that peach-blossom of beauty—was an advance towards plebeian ruddiness of glaring health. She had the curse of sentimentalism and poetry; every thing was magnified by her imagination into loveliness and ecstacy; the commonest donkey was promoted to the mule, and a high

trotting horse was a fit charger for Marmion; she was ready for any impression, and possessed a most comprehensive heart, in which every beauty was enshrined.

As the utmost limits of experience were contained in knowledge relative to Paris and England, and as this had been the extent of desperate travelling yet undertaken, it is not extraordinary that the move to foreign parts, from the gay and lively French metropolis, was viewed with some dismay. The universal good temper of my wife could not be ruffled; she had made up her mind to face all dangers and difficulties, although she was as little accustomed to the latter as an infant; she had been swaddled in luxury; and although I had given her many causes for anguish, yet I had never withheld one comfort; she was a spoilt child, born under every favourable circumstance, but whose star paled when she united herself to an invariably unfortunate man. She shook her curls, and made a negative movement of her head, when I predicted that travelling with an unsentimental man, was like a prisoner selecting for a companion a deaf person.

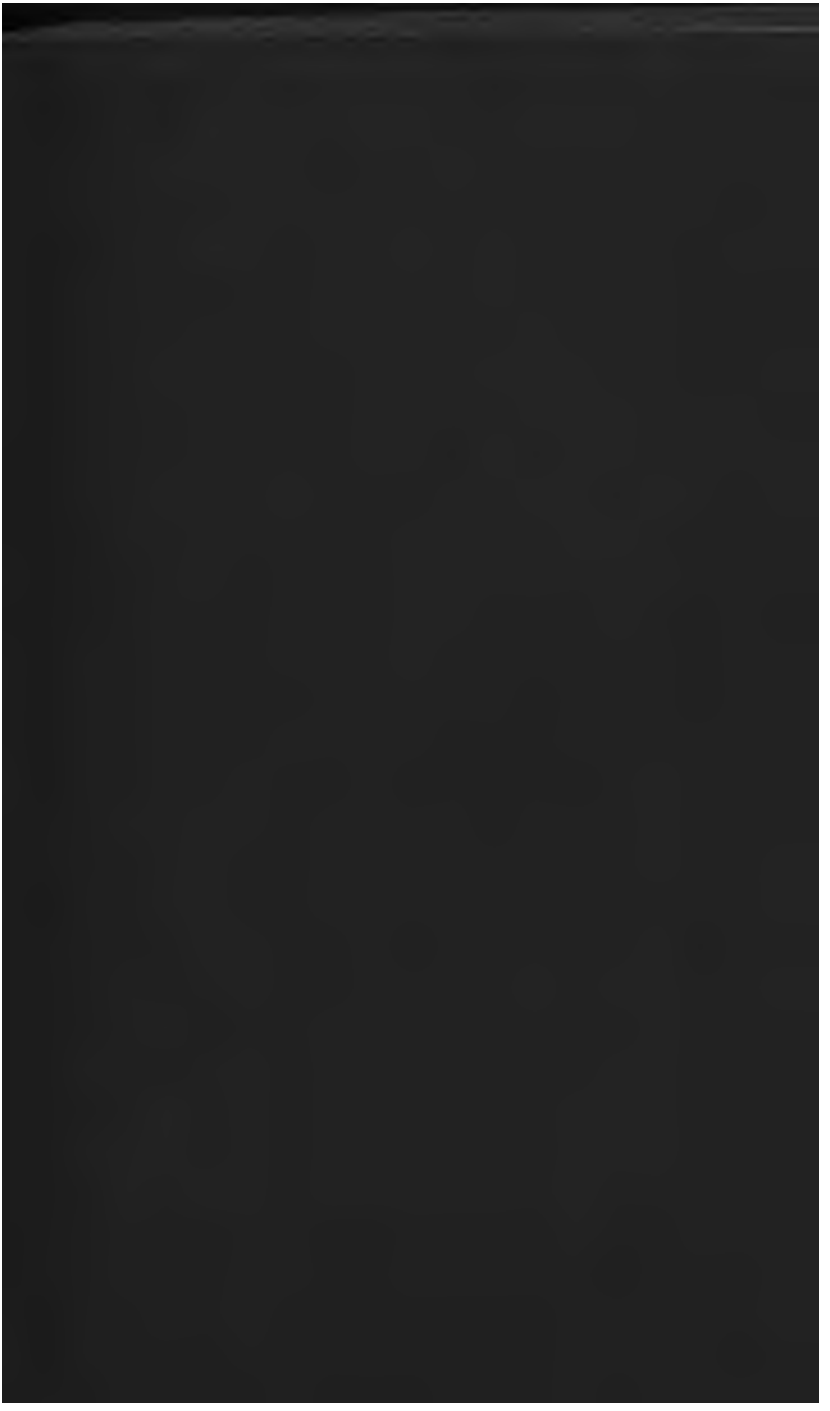
I left her to prepare for her undertaking,

and forthwith she began to make inquiries. "I pity you, from my soul," said a lover of good eating; "how can you be so rash as to go to Switzerland or Italy? there is not a good cook in either country; you will get nothing to eat, or be starved, or poisoned."

"Heaven protect you!" ejaculated an experienced lady, who had been victimized in foreign parts; "there is not a bed in the whole country freed from bugs or fleas. My dear, if you do not speak Italian, at any rate strive to remember the two words—'cimice,' and 'pulce;' and if you do not want to be a living pest in bad perfumery of breath, do not forget 'aglio;' for without you implore the wretch who has the impertinence to call herself a cook, not to saturate every dish with oil and garlick, you will have cause to remember this warning."

My wife shook her head, as much as to say, "cimice, pulce, aglio," all in the brain; all safe.

"I should think," said a third, "that you are just the person most likely to be attacked by mosquitoes and Neapolitan sand-flies. I once had both arms in slings for a month, from the bites of these vermin; my face was



preface to that which, in imagination, required fortitude and resignation to overcome. At first, I began to think that my wife and daughter were making preparations for a journey either to Timbuctoo, or to the North Pole, in search of poor Franklin; that they could be going into any civilized parts seemed impossible; package after package arrived; the most extraordinary defences against the sun and the snow, the mosquitoes and elephants, seemed to multiply to infinity; neither the one or the other of my companions had ever seen a snow-covered mountain, and they seemed as incredulous as negroes in Jamaica, when a snow-storm is described to them; a telescope was voted absolutely necessary to look at Mont Blanc, whilst bears were sent for from London to shield the dear forms from the chilling blasts of such eternal winter.

The preparations for protecting the body were nothing in comparison to the precautions taken against starvation—three large tin boxes of biscuits made their appearance, one of Le Mann's, and the other two the brown meal digestive biscuits, which rejoice in the name of Hills'; they may occasion digestion when they once are digested, but they were as hard

as a brick, and splintered off under the pressure of the teeth like the wood of a teak-built ship when struck by a long-shot; and as for teeth, such animals as alligators or bulldogs might be provided with the requisite ivories; but for a Christian to hazard his future power of mastication, by cracking such brown flints, appeared an act of temerity scarcely witnessed by midshipmen during the last war, some half a century ago, when biscuits were given for food to the men, which might have been used for shot against the enemy.

Amongst an almost indescribable assortment of every article from a bazaar, was a curious-looking affair of block-tin, not devoid of elegance of form, although something of the cauliflower shape, being large at the head and small at the stem; one well versed in the art, might have cut General Tom Thumb into a similarity; it was directly at variance with any resemblance of the mountain, but was called an Etna, from, I presume, the volcanic eruption which was to be occasioned by some internal fire. This valuable travelling companion was to enable the distracted people to obtain hot water, and it was carefully covered, in order, I presume, to prevent the inhabitants

of the savage nations from putting their fingers in to feel the bubbling; a fact recorded by Cook, as having occurred to the astonished natives of the Sandwich Islands; then appeared four very ominous-looking sausages, which I was gravely informed was portable soup, from Fortnum and Mason's, and which would always give us a chance of avoiding starvation when we arrived at any hut to sleep in, and where, of course, provisions could not be expected.

As no cooks existed in these horrible parts, we had been told, it required no great foresight to see that such a want was occasioned by the cooks having nothing to dress; "and," said my wife, with an air of triumph, "with Hill's digestive tiles, an Etna, and portable soup, we can, at any rate, exist until we reach some place where food can be obtained."

A very suspicious-looking bag lay on the sofa—it was too small for utility, and too large for comfort; it had a patent lock, and was artfully contrived to embarrass everybody who was in any way concerned with the cargo it was destined to carry. As I looked on with the calmest resignation at all these preparations, and had wasted all my knowledge of

the world in a vain endeavour to persuade my adventurous friends that the best travelling companions were a full purse and good temper —that comfort and luxury lay in their road— that millions had pursued the same route, and had neither been starved to death, or killed by tigers, or mosquitoes, sandflies, tarantulas, scorpions, or centipedes; and that, in all probability, at a future period we might even sigh for the beautiful climate and the luxurious indolence we should leave on our return, I could not resist the curiosity which prompted me, as the crammed bag lay open before me, from examining its contents. Here it is, for the benefit of all future travellers who never have travelled, or who believe that all foreigners are savages, and that nothing can exist but in London or Paris.

"Silver soap-box and nail-brush, towel, box of dominoes, rose water, lavender water, elder-flower water, eau de Cologne, smelling salts, three clean pocket-handkerchiefs, two pairs of new gloves, four veils, two uglies, worsted work, playing cards, comb, brush and bandoline, small looking-glass, box of chocolate, and two bottles of bug water; sticking plaister, gold beater's skin, glove and boot

buttons, needles, cotton, silk, note-book, cork-screw, India rubber, a bottle of Dineford's rhubarb and a box of pills, a small quantity of opium, and a much larger quantity of brandy."

The gridiron and a tea-pot were kept separate—all these useful, yet useless articles, were jammed into a bag, to be carried everywhere; whilst another artfully-contrived case, carried sherry, brandy—*always brandy*—a fowl discreetly carved, salt, pepper, knives, fork, spoon, wine glass and tumbler, bread, &c.—this last far more useful affair than the bag, reckoned dirt cheap at five pounds, was called a love of an invention by the sentimental, and a handy commodious contrivance for soldiers in foreign parts, or desperate foot travellers in Switzerland — Moxon's effervescent magnesia, and enough carbonate of soda to powder the head of half the footmen in London, added to the light-weight party; this was quite requisite, as, from occasional bursts of temper, it was surmised, that the frantic person would soon have the gout.

At last, after a continuation of milliners, stay-makers, shoemakers, glove-makers, bonnet builders, and embroidery perpetrators, the

regiment of boxes, trunks, and bags, began to get into line, and ready to be marched off; when I heard a loud shout for some whipcord to go into the companion-bag before mentioned.

"What can *that* be for?" said I, in a very unsentimental manner.

"Oh! we have heard that if you tie up your finger or toe, or wherever you may be bitten by scorpions, centipedes, hornets, &c., about an inch above the bite, you will stop the poison from circulating in the blood, and thus effect a cure, or save the general consequences." And, accordingly, enough whipcord was taken to spin the peg-tops of half the schools of the English metropolis.

The bag began to shew a most portentous rotundity; but it was carried with rapture, and was evidently believed to contain articles indispensable for a few weeks' amusement in Switzerland; and I saw it jammed under the seat of the carriage which we occupied in the Strasburg railway.

As we were very economical, a clean sweep was made of the house, and in this last act of cleanliness, some old pills and a black dose were found—it was impossible such waste and

extravagance could be allowed in leaving them —and they were therefore shared out amongst the servants; the cook being the destined victim for the black medicine. Numerous good byes followed, when up rushed the servant, and said, "Lawks! miss, have you got your *gums* and your bears?"

CHAPTER II.

STRASBURG: THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

THE morning was wet, the weather disagreeable, when I entered the cathedral at Strasburg. It requires not always the preacher to warn us of death, and draw our attention to an hereafter. There are sermons in stones —a clock may therefore give us warning beyond the eloquence of man.

There sat an old man on the stone bench opposite the wonderful clock in the Cathedral of Strasburg; and in front of this masterpiece of machinery, which seems invented to supersede memory, were congregated a multitude of people, who resorted to the church, not to say their prayers, but exactly at midday, to gaze with open mouths at the multiplicity of amusement which this clock is des-

tined to afford. At noon, a cock, on the left-hand side, crows, three times at intervals, as the twelve apostles walk before our Saviour. An angel turns the hour-glass of existence—the quarters are struck by an infirm man, and Death records the hour, warning the multitudes that another day has passed—that time misspent can never be recalled—and shewing, with its skeleton hand, a human bone with which the hour is struck — that out of the twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty days which form the allotted time of human life, until the rest is lost in weakness and decrepitude, that another, and another, and another day to the last syllable of recorded time, is passed and lost for ever. This occurs at noon only.

The first quarter of the hour is struck by a child—the second by youth—the third by a warrior in the glow of manhood, and the last, before Death strikes the record of the day passed, by an infirm man. The clock shews the solar and the lunar system, marks the month, the saint's day, the date, in fact, of everything connected with "that which is around us," and above us.

The clock had struck — the thoughtless,

heedless multitude had departed—but the old man remained.

As I withdrew from the iron railing, more particularly to observe the various and multifarious workings of this singular machinery, I came close to the decrepid creature, who seemed like the original from which the one in the clock had been designed. With his crutch he purposely touched me, and on my turning round to express regret, as I thought I had trodden on him, he raised his stick, which trembled in his half-palsied arm, and in the treble pipe of old age, he began: "It is well for one in the manhood of life, firm of limb, and free from all the infirmities of age, to look on that record, and go hence and forget all but the master-hand which invented it. With me, that clock is the history of my life, and all the many, many misfortunes, which have left me like a lone and almost blasted fir-tree on a mountain, come vividly before me. I love to sit here and ponder over the past, and think of that futurity in which I am so shortly to plunge."

There was a tone of intense feeling as the old man uttered these words; nor did the guardian of the church, for he was too aris-

tocratic for a beadle, disturb him and warn him to leave the church, as he did the rest; there is a certain magic in the silvery rattle of a waistcoat pocket, which chinks upon the greedy ear of those who shew sepulchres for francs, and who weary the listener at the rate of a sous a second. I was not disturbed—but this cocked-hat bedizened being, pointed to the magnificent carving of the pulpit, and gave an authoritative indication of the beauty of the stained glass; whilst, with a look of supreme contempt, he sought to wither the poor old creature who had attracted my attention. I nodded my head, and putting the silver bribe into his hand, sat down by the old man. "There are none," said I, "who pass through seventy years of life, who have not mourned over those once dear and beloved, or who have not felt the loneliness which attends longevity; you do not seem exempt from the general curse."

"See," said the old man, as a child suddenly emerged from the interior of the clock, and with a smile on its countenance, seemed to run in enjoyment of his occupation of marking the first quarter of the hour. "So it ever is in life—the young are anxious for time

to pass, that they may grow into manhood; and in the hey-day ignorance of innocent youth, scarcely know how to beguile the passing moments. But mark the moral in that clock—in the dawn of youth, the day-time of life's short existence, the child is fretful and feverish for pleasure, until tired, with seeking after enjoyment, it lays its little head on its pillow, and sleeps. So has the artist contrived his work. At night, none of these figures perform their avocations—they sleep; but look in those hollow eyes of Death — night and day, without intermission, that figure strikes the hour—its eye is never closed—for ever it marks the fleeting moments; and in the dark silence of night, in this vast and vaulted cathedral, the mournful sound of Death's blow re-echoes through the church—the angel ceases to turn the hour-glass—the cock to crow—the figures to strike the quarters—the apostles to bow to their Lord. Death! Death! Death is ever watchful — ever seeking his prey — ever gathering its harvest—ever warning, even though none are awake to hear, that another hour is gone, and the short interval of man's life rendered one hour shorter.

"I had three children, and the last, the

youngest, died of one of those thousand maladies to which we are all subject; her short existence might have spared the greater anguish of her mother's death in giving her birth. Ah! that wrung my heart, for after the first impulse of love, sincere attachment and friendship come to the heart, warming it with more lasting fires than spring from the ebullition of youth; we were linked together in one tight chain of mutual affection, and this sudden blow left me alone on earth with two sons—one then was twenty, and the other five years older.

"The clock had not marked the second quarter by some years, when honour, that mistaken word, honour, robbed me of him who had scarcely entered life, to be torn from it —and how?—Some German students, all friends, had been associated with my son; they had passed through Switzerland—faced dangers and difficulties—stood on the brink of precipices, where the slightest false step would have crushed them more certainly than the avalanche—they had grown together as those grow who day by day face death in a thousand forms, and lend their generous aid to avert it one from the other. It is in this

link of life that the most sincere attachment springs, and yet I lived to mourn it, for from the hand of him, his best and truest friend, before, he received his death wound; it was a foolish quarrel, upon a subject so indifferent, that I never could glean its origin or its force. Honour was invoked, and a word had been used, that one would not forgive, and which the other was informed, it would imply cowardice to retract. Broad-swords were resorted to; and my son, buried in some high mountain or valley, so indistinctly described, that some declared it was beneath a green slope, which leads to the rock where those stand to witness the almost imperceptible spray, the last remnant of the torrent's rush in the Staubbach, whilst another, who witnessed the duel, but never waited to bury its victim, placed his last abode in a cavern, over which the funereal pines flourished in spite of the barren rock from which they seemed to grow. I strove to find these spots. I also stood beneath the dusty spray of that waterfall—by some, likened to the tail of the giant steed to be bestrided by Death—by others, called a heaven-formed waterfall — but to me, more similar to my own fate; for when the iris is

formed upon it before noon, then the water plays in the rich sunshine of life with pleasure, urging it to its fall; soon the stream is lost to sight; the pleasure, with all its headlong ruin, disappears; and near and nearer as the dark column becomes again visible, as it falls to the earth, the water of sorrows unite, and in continual tears bedew the ground.

"My last son survived, and in him I felt the crutch to support old age; he was of liberal opinions; to him, liberty was not disorder; he believed that a republic could exist, and honest men, rare as they are, be found to direct a great nation. In the convulsion of 1848, he was the foremost in Strasburg; not to absurdly flourish the red cap of mis-named liberty, but to urge on his fellow-citizens; his opinion was, that the nation's monarch should be the nation itself—that courts and sovereigns might be abolished—that there was a natural quality in all—that the great aristocracy in mankind was in the superiority of talent, and in the active industry of the few, over the lazy lassitude of the many; that wealth thus acquired gave power—it was the power of the mind, and the power that exertion and industry created and maintained.

Thus nations might be saved the pension as often accorded for crimes as for services, and more frequently bestowed on the frivolous menials of a monarch, than on a country's best servant. Right or wrong in his estimation of sovereigns and their governments, he was sincere—he was no Socialist—no dreamer of wealth without toil, or virtue without employment—he was industrious, not idle—he was daring, without being presumptuous—and eloquent, without exertion. He had gained a great ascendancy over his associates, and before the Revolution had broken out, attracted the notice of the Government—he was never low or abusive in his speeches—there was one even tide of strong, impressive language, which never rose to adulation, or ever sunk to vituperation.

In the Revolution of 1848, he rejoiced and publicly expressed his satisfaction; he was not one of those miserable creatures, who, professing admiration of royalty, left it unsupported, when the monarch forsook his kingdom, as if the man was the principle, and not the principle in the man. Cowards to their King, and to their opinions, they never attempted to stem the stream they professed to

despise; but with the craven character of this volatile, frivolous people, they gave up their King—their Constitution—their Church—their principles, and with all the meek submission of fear, bowed to the torrent they might have dammed up at its source; and with a lie on their lips, and a fear on their hearts, shouted 'Vive la Republique!' These men were called Royalists!! who could support a cause such men advocated only in whispers? How wretched a cause must be, when not a struggle is made in its support; these men did more to damage the sovereignty of kings, than the most violent Socialist who for the moment overthrew it.

"Against the power of such men my son's voice was raised; but he was still a good subject. A Constitution had been framed, which guaranteed the nation's liberty; and a President had been elected in virtue of that Constitution. My son bowed to the will of the people thus fairly expressed; and although plainly foreseeing the inevitable result, he obeyed the law, resolved, however, to make a firm stand against every encroachment on the Constitution.

"The visit of the President to the depart-

ments, wherever he went, aroused the indignation of my son, and he now came forward and associated himself with Republicans. The words 'Vive la Republique!' although the nation was a Republic, were declared treasonable, no man was allowed to wish success to the Constitution the nation had formed.

"It was now that my son rose in all the conscientiousness of right, and in the defence of the Constitution. I had been ill, and unable to move; my son, who always soothed me in my anguish, was now absent; the busy tongues of others told me of the *coup-d'état*, and the excitement I had noticed in my son, gave me the certainty that some resistance would be offered;—that resistance occurred.

"It was not long before I heard that a small force, under my son's command, had bravely made head against the events of the 2nd of December, for all dates from that; but short was the success: troops marched from place to place, my son was everywhere; by night he traversed the country, urging others to avert, by a timely resistance, the future revolution, asserting the well-known fact, that a great people cannot be enslaved, who once have been free, and calmly for any

time walk in their chains, or flourish in their handcuffs; by day he was incessant in his exertions to maintain the cause for which he fought. One of those known to be my son's friend, felt the power of that base metal which, as the poet says—

> "'Arms the brother's heart with ire,
> And sets the son against the sire.'*

And on returning to meet his companions, he was seized by a guard, identified by his former friend, and condemned to death without a trial, without a form, without defence.

"It chanced that I had made a desperate effort to move from my house in search of some tidings of my son; and it was scarcely daylight, when I ventured to cross a field in the direction of a house I knew he frequented. I was walking in great haste, in order to arrive before the world was well awake, and the labourers employed; for I knew my motions might be watched, although my sickness had probably rendered me less an object of suspicion than I have been since; for now what am *I?*—a poor, infirm, broken-hearted, paralyzed wretch. I had scarcely entered a

* Horace.

small field, when I distinguished, in the first dawn of daylight, the glitter of arms, and could perceive a file of soldiers drawn up. The darkness of a hedge scarcely permitted me to see the object; but I thought I heard the sound of the human voice, shouting, 'Vive la Republique!' it struck upon my ear, as the well-known, cherished voice of my son; I sprang forward with supernatural strength, for the truth flashed across my mind; a volley followed the words—indeed, almost before the last one was uttered; and I arrived to see the last death-struggle of my child. He was not quite dead—he recognized me; I leant over him, and in spite of the interference of the soldiers, who endeavoured to tear me from him, to plunge their bayonets in him, or to allow the serjeant to despatch him, by firing the reserved musket, ever kept to give the *coup de grace*—I clung to my child—I kissed him—and whilst his glazed eye grew faintly, and more faintly, in its former brightness, his lips murmured his blessing upon me, and then, with the last effort of his whole remaining strength, he uttered, 'Vive la Republique!' and died."

"He ceased, and in time; for the bedizened

varlet who rules supreme on the vast floor of the magnificent cathedral had approached—and as out of every two men in France, one is a spy of the police, the poor fellow would have been denounced. The old man had risen, and was removing by the side-door, close to the clock, when another person, a small man, who seemed not endowed with much enthusiasm, remarked, that "it was all nonsense—everybody lost sons and daughters; and if a man had nothing else to do, than to listen to the long tales of old noodles, and pour out his grief over the romantic embellishment of the fanciful, the carpet-bags of all travellers ought to be stuffed with pocket-handkerchiefs; besides," continued the short man, "I don't believe a word of the story; and supposing it to be true, it is no affair of mine; and hark!" he said, "methinks I hear—

"'That all-softening, o'erpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.'"

This was the "Unsentimental Traveller."

CHAPTER III.

A CHAPTER UPON HOTELS, INNS, PENSIONS, ETC.

A TRAVELLER, sentimental or unsentimental, must put up at some hotel, inn, caravansary, posada, public-house, or under whatever denomination such place of public accommodation may rejoice in; and although I was somewhat of the unsentimental traveller's ideas as to meddling in other people's affairs, and of the harmony of the "tocsin of the soul," I journeyed towards the Hotel de la Ville de Paris, pondering over the old man's story, and making great allowance for the national embroidering of the French nation. Poetical exaggeration, and romantic imagin-

ation are accomplishments very extensive in France. I somewhat sifted the corn from the chaff of the solitary man; and thus giving the old man credit for some of his anecdote, I walked without being much jostled to the Hotel de la Ville de Paris—which Murray says, is the "best, and good."

I have a great respect for Murray and his Guide-books—I think they are the most useful works which the prolific press of England has cast upon the world. No traveller should be without them—they are faithfully, admirably done; and the person who, in his own library in London, turns to the descriptive pages of Switzerland and its numerous routes, Florence and its gallery, or Rome in its fallen splendour, will be much more profitably employed —much more amused and rewarded—than by the perusal of the thousand volumes which teem from the huge womb of the press, and which have for men-midwives all the publishers of Europe. But nothing is perfect —Murray is not perfect; and it is especially in the inns wherein any writer may be deceived.

The report depends upon the appetite, and the contentment of the mind; if the traveller

is hungry and fatigued, he is less likely to quarrel with his fare, and start at a bug, then he who can allow a delay for fastidiousness, or spare a few minutes for the pursuit and, perhaps, capture of a flea. Those fleas are active creatures; and amongst my store of deep reading, I once remember finding the assertion, that a flea was the strongest creature, animal or insect, in existence, in proportion to his size; and this was confirmed by his muscular power in his jumps. I know it should be written, *its* jumps, and *its* strength—but the flea generally possesses such a store of human blood, and has such affinity with the human race, that the personal pronoun may not be inapplicable.

If a man is very fatigued, one or two of the sanguinary fraternity may crawl over him, and raise bumps upon him half the size of an orange, and not awake him—I myself have slept through an earthquake which destroyed hundreds of human beings at Caraccas; and ask any sleepy midshipman if he heard the morning gun fired, although it was almost over his head, and he will tell you, that even the more prolonged and grating sound of the holy-stone never disturbed him. Besides all

this, travellers become the very intimate acquaintances of these cimices and pulces; and as an intimate acquaintance is not so much heeded, or does not excite such attention as a stranger who is first introduced to you, so they make less impression upon the horny skin of a sun-burnt, weather-beaten, fatigued traveller, than on that delicate, white, delicious skin, which forms the "beauty and the sheen of youth," and which is just as attractive to the lips of man as to the proboscis of the flea. But this subject is too painful a one, in every repect, to allow me "*infandum renovare dolorem.*"

If a traveller, after carefully compiling his notes, and after the printer's devil has sent the proofs, allows such errors as the following to creep into the work, it warrants the assertion that the book, yes, even Murray's book, has some mistakes of the print—some in the stops, and some in the inns. "When this is passed, the traveller reaches the top, about 100,000 feet (!!!) above the level of the sea."* The French lady who got upon the guide's shoulders on the summit of Mont Blanc, in order to be higher than the rest of

* Guide-Book for Switzerland, Savoy, &c. p. 316.

the world, was a long way short of her intentions.

"Geneva to Chamouny, sixteen leagues—about fifty English miles. Diligences daily, in eight or nine hours, to St. Martin. A voiturier takes six hours thither, including stoppages; post-horses from Geneva to St. Martin, thence to Chamouny, in a light char, in four hours and a half."* Oh! Mr. Murray! Mr. Murray!—not Lindley Murray—what is all this? Do you mean to say that a vetturino will beat a diligence driver by three hours' time—or that any vetturino ever yet drove fifty English miles in six hours, including stoppages? or that any post-horses ever got into a light char, and went from St. Martin to Chamouny, in four hours and-a-half? I delight in pointing out these spots on the sun; for who would write a book, if any book existed free from all mistakes, or inaccuracies? who could expect to arrive at that perfection?

Now about hotels. It does not follow that because an hotel is gigantically large, it must necessarily be comfortable. It may be "good" as to its exterior, and "*clean*" in outward appearance—but still it may resemble a dirty

* Guide-book for Switzerland, Savoy, &c., p. 324.

man in a clean suit of clothes; and such, indeed, are one or two which figure rather unwarrantably, and catch the unwary of the localities, simply by being put first on the list. I do not mean any of these remarks to refer to the Hôtel de la Ville de Paris, at Strasburg, for that *is* a very good hotel, inside and outside—and clean and reasonable, and a place where any man or woman carrying the red book—or without it—will meet with civility and attention.

At the terminus you will be aware that there are plenty of other hotels—but this one is the best; and I have never heard of any of my friends having been obliged to dance about the bed-rooms half the night to stand a chance of sleep for the other half; but a large hotel, placed to catch the tremendous stream of travellers who annually rush like a torrent with headlong precipitation through Europe in summer, is not the best place in the world for a quiet, sentimental traveller: for instance, the Trois Rois, at Basle, it is beautifully situated upon the Rhine—in fact, the balcony is built over it—it commands a good view, is large, commodious, and as well arranged as such a Babel can be—but it is one scene of

hurry, bustle and confusion, from daylight to dusk—there is a continual change of inhabitants. Trunks, boxes, carpet-bags, and distracted individuals with a money-pouch swung over them, were running about, some on men's shoulders, and some on hasty and eager feet. As the staircase is not well lighted, a sudden collision with an overcharged porter is not uncommon; and you may ring a treble bob-major on your bell before it will be answered. Every one is running over every one—and a game of leap-frog would be the safest mode of locomotion.

As for the table-d'hôte, it is good enough for the money; but when one hundred hungry people are rung into the feeding room, all making a simultaneous rush, all wishing to be served immediately—and this may be particularly remarked in our transatlantic neighbours, who appear to eat against time, and to feed themselves with "coal-scuttles," as Marryatt says;—the confusion becomes confounded, and a den of wild beasts—that is, if they are all huddled together—could not make more noise, or growl more audibly. Then it is all hurry-scurry; soups and gravies, sometimes warm, grease a neck, or a coat; and what with the

immediate occupation of the table and dishes by the flies, who change their locality for your ears, cheeks, hands, or hair, and the asking for what no one gets but expensive wines, (they come quick enough)—the dinner may better be called, "an eating against time," than what an old experienced lover of the table called, the "second pleasure of the day."

No sooner are the animals crammed, than up they start, and away they go, money-pouches and all. In such a caravansary, sleeping cannot be said to be—"Sleep, sleep—sweet sleep—Nature's soft balm"—but may better be defined as "a waking dream;" and if the tired traveller does get some little repose before the daylight dawns, and that begins at four o'clock, whilst the last train from Strasburg arrives about half-past eleven, he will not *repose* much after; then comes the scuffling of boots, the banging of doors, in some rooms the nailing of boxes, or bundling them about quite regardless of the thunder of their avalanching fall—the shouts here, the rattle of breakfast there, papa screamed for by some shrill darling, the waiter bellowed for by some lusty-lunged burly brute, the rushing of impatient females, and the jingle of those Swiss tiles of

money the five-franc pieces, make such a discord, such a hullabaloo, that your best chance of being equally kind, is to dance a hornpipe in hob-nailed boots, with some one to beat time with an Alpinestock, both of which, of course, you have, or intend to have, as you may have walked over the Wengern Alps, scaled Mont Blanc, scrambled up the Riga, or skipped over the Gemmi, or desperately resolved to do so.

If these slight inconveniences occur at Basle, what are they at the Hotel des Alpes at Interlacken? That is called the best, and so it is, and consequently every body drives to it. It is the best, for the salon there is three times the size of any other salon in the place; and, moreover, it is not the only one, for there is a smaller and a quieter on the western side of the establishment. As for the food, there is no occasion to be very laudatory on that head—a battalion of cooks, with Soyer at their head, with a space as large as Grosvenor Square to cook in, would hardly suffice to cram and to satisfy the multitude who crowd to Interlacken for three or four months. It is one continued line of dinners, breakfasts, and teas—one down, the other up, like a boxing-match.

At daylight, the guides, who are to conduct the travellers either to the Wengern Alps or elsewhere, are in attendance—carriages come round, the travellers are up and alive, boots and shoes are scraping and hustling along the stone galleries, the flies awake—and sleep is impossible, and not unfrequently after dancing, which occurs constantly at the Hotel des Alpes, and which renders a sojourn there more sociable, lively, and friendly than at any other inn or pension. Those who have perhaps walked all day, and danced half the night, take to champagne, cigars, and chat; and as the nights are still and calm, their voices are not of the lulling of falling waters which invite to sleep.

The doors may be closed—poor Jacob, the manager of the hotel, retired for his few hours' repose — the maids may lie down in the passages, the overcrowded house may have beds in the saloon, and even the cigars may cease to smoke, and the champagne corks cease to fly—but repose is of short duration; as late sometimes as two in the morning, and as early as four commonly, the noise has not ceased, and the bustle has begun. Still, all that can be done is done. The hotel is clean, the proprietor and manager civil and attentive, and

for such an omnium-gatherum of English, American, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German, and Russian, nothing can be better conducted, or more efforts made to promote the comfort and the harmony of the visitors; but it is an awful gathering of all clans and countries, and will soon be more mixed, if possible, and worse in its society; for when the railway is made from Basle to Berne, and thus the communication by steam intact from London, Paris, and half Germany, the moving mob will spend their hot days of August on the glaciers at Grindelwald.

There are other good hotels at Interlacken —in short, it is a village of eating-houses and hostelries; and it is a marvel, when the company is sometimes so dirty, that the houses should be so clean.

Change to Vevay, with Monnet's splendid establishment, the blue lake of Geneva within a stone's-throw, and the great, glorious, and magnificent view, which charms and awes the gazer by its softness and hoar austerity—the same racket and noise exist, the same feeding of hundreds at a time, the same confusion of eternal movement; and here not unfrequently the travellers are condemned to sleep in their

carriages, for Monnet's hotel is the only one facing the lake—the only one in which any comfort can be expected—the Trois Rois (although the landlord is fat, facetious, and civil), and the Croix Blanche, are merely places of refuge, where a hunted rat might fly for shelter; but sleep is not impossible—nor are the living enemies of all repose to be found in the beds—but excluded from Monnet's, go on at once to Lausanne; for Vevay, with Monnet's doors and rooms closed against the traveller, has little to offer in compensation for disquietude and discomfort.

Now again at Lausanne, the Hotel Gibbon rears its massive pile, commanding a most magnificent view of the lake, with an open space in front, and with every advantage, excepting that it is the same passage house as the others, and the same bustle and noise occurs; but here the salons are carpeted, and there is a great degree of comfort. At Lausanne, however, the traveller will be fortunate, if he is excluded from the Gibbon, and is fortunate enough to find room at the Hotel Bellevue. This house formerly was in bad odour; but it changed its proprietors, both outside and inside had the benefit of the

painter's brush, a good system of cleanliness was begun and continued; and I can safely declare, that, in all my travels, I have never found a cleaner, more comfortable, or more delightfully placed hotel, than the Hotel Bellevue, at Lausanne.

Here everything is reasonable; the most avaricious traveller would scarcely complain of the charge of three francs for a dinner, and a most excellent dinner—none of your cows' meat and attenuated mutton of Interlacken, but meat as good as the most fastidious could desire; here there is no necessity of keeping your knife and fork unchanged for fear you might get a companion's, and which companion might lap gravy with the knife—here there are no circulars to enclose a dirty napkin, and keep it four days huddled into a close dirty-looking box, in which are perhaps one hundred more. Every day, at the Hotel Bellevue, the whole dinner-linen is clean; and in this quiet, orderly, and well-attended house, the weary traveller can repose, and repose in security. One night I came home at eleven o'clock, and the servant, who lighted me to my room, took his shoes off, for fear of disturbing some sleeper.

Look from the balcony of this house—the

whole of the Lake Leman lies before you, comprising an extent of twenty-nine miles—in front are the tall mountains which separate Savoy, with the peak of Mont Blanc, just visible, in a kind of diamond division, between two of the nearer mountains. To the right are Geneva and the range of the Jura, and to the left the snowy-capped mountains which overlook the Valley of the Rhone. In calm and clear weather the opposite shore looks like an extensive garden, dotted here and there with villages, churches, and houses. The rising ground is flourishing in cultivation, whilst the lofty range of the Savoy Hills borders the beautiful scenery. Such is the position of the Bellevue, and it is only deteriorated by a large white house, with a kind of hay-stack red roof, nearly in front of it, built on the slope of the hill, which, to a certain extent, impedes the view—but there is enough left "to lend enchantment to the scene."

Turn we now to Geneva—what capabilities for excellence are in this city! It is admirably situated, and has the advantage of the clear blue Rhone rushing through it; the quays are well constructed, the houses well built, and good architecture—but here again,

as in many other cities, all the wealth has been lavished on one quarter, and the real rich quarters left partially unimproved. The pavement is of those small disagreeable stones, which one might suppose had been purchased by apothecaries, and laid down by surgeons; in order that one might benefit by dislocations, and the other by the embrocations requisite for soothing the anguish.

If the municipality of Geneva would only reconstruct their streets, and asphalte a certain breadth of trottoir, enlightening the same by a small addition of gas, they would have one of the very nicest cities in Europe. In beauty of position, none can much surpass it, and few can rival it; for I do not know any town which can boast of a boundary-line in the range of the Jura, the Savoy Alps, Mont Blanc, and that beautiful, that enchanting lake, the shores of which are studded with mansions which might excite even the envy of the Thames; whilst God has bestowed his most excellent works within sight of Rosseau Island on the level, and the ramparts as a higher position. It is the dearest place in Switzerland, but it is the seat of the best intellect, the most enterprising citizens, the most civilized society; and

here the idler, the sage, the philosopher, or the man of pleasure, may be gratified.

The most resolute grumbler will find consolation for his money; but Geneva lacks a railway; for, enchanting as it is, it would be more so, if the traveller could reach it without trouble, and leave without a vetturino, a diligence, or even the more aristocratic public conveyance of the malle post; for now, since railways exist in other countries, travelling-carriages become a lumbering expense, although their comforts are undeniable. All the large inns are good and clean at Geneva.

At Chamouny, the Hotel Royal is about ten years before the other hotels. Its situation far surpasses its rivals; the approach to it is open and clean, and on either side it avoids the noise and dirt of about as miserable a village as needs be imagined. It is spacious, clean, comfortable, and reasonable, and has completely surpassed the Hotel de Londres et d'Angleterre, the approach to which is detestable, and which seem entombed in a small yard.

The Hotel Royal stands apart from the wretched town; the Arve is a kind of barrier from the dirty village, and the river is crossed

to reach the inn. The rooms are well furnished, and particularly clean, and the higher you go, the more you avoid the flies: it will be found that, in Switzerland and Italy, mounting a few more stairs insures much more comfort; and after a walk on the glacier, or a hot day's journey over the Wengern Alps, it is very satisfactory to return to the best hotel in the place, wherever that place may be, and repose in comfort and cleanliness.

Many travellers, who are alive to saving the smallest coin, imagine they do wisely by frequenting second-rate hotels; it generally turns out, at the end, that although the bill is a fraction lower, their property is reduced more than the amount saved, by the light-fingered adroitness of the servants; besides which, the apothecary may come in for a share of the spoil.

The road to Mont Blanc is close at hand, and if you do as much for Chamouni as Albert Smith has done, you may meet with the same honours, and be received with a salute of twenty-one guns; and hear a similar noise and rattle amongst the surrounding hills when you start for a second ascent—most certainly, "Le Jeu ne veut pas La Chandelle;" it is a fearful toil somewhat dangerous, always diffi-

cult, perhaps for no object; for, should the weather become cloudy, you have got half-way to heaven; not even to see the earth, or the poor devils of guides, who risk their lives or their limbs, for a trifling reward, stand ready, Alpinestock in hand, to carry out the wish of any maniac, and not unfrequently get maimed for life in the folly;—after all, what is it to clamber up a mountain which many have clambered up before, to struggle middle-deep in snow, and then, perhaps, like the foolish Frenchwoman, to be lifted on men's shoulders, and fancy herself above the rest of the *world*: her world is the European world—in Asia and America there are many above her. Some noodle went to the summit of the Jungfrau, and falsified Byron's line of the "never-trodden snows;" where science is concerned, it is different; but where it is mere bravado, it is madness; and it is a great cruelty.

If from Geneva you intend to cross the Simplon, and shape a course for Milan, you will, in all probability, take steamboat to Villeneuve, and proceed onwards to Bex, where will be found a good, clean, and comfortable country inn.

I will suppose you to be six persons in all,

to be moderately affluent, and not immoderately fastidious, with a desire to "live cleanly," and not to be cheated much more than falls to the lot of all travellers. Occasionally, of course, the inward man may be supported by a bottle of Swiss champagne; when cooled, this passes off as well as the miserable stuff one sometimes has the honour to pay six francs a bottle at Paris; for instance, one must christen the Simplon in such beverage; and, therefore, in the following list, whenever the bill is much inflamed, it may be set down to treating resolution to a glass. I suppose the party to occupy a salon, and four best beds, and a servant's-room; but experience will show that a great reduction might be made by foregoing the sitting-room, and dining in the public-room. I myself met a royal prince who indulged in this economy. Still, with young and sentimental ladies, and with rather fastidious beauties, the salon is almost necessary, if a long evening is to be passed in the inn.

I now give, for the benefit of the curious, the amount paid at every inn from Geneva to Naples, reserving my remarks on the inns for a future page.

	fr.	c.
Bex	37	0
Sievre, a dirty affair	24	10
Berisol, inward man fortified . . .	63	0
Domo d'Ossola, Hotel de Poste. . .	31	0
Feriola, Il Leone d'Oro, very fair . .	46	10
Sesto Calende, Hotel de la Poste . .	41	0
Milan, Albergo Reale, four and a half days	246	3
Lodi, Albergo del Sole	43	13
Piacenza, La Croce Bianca, good, clean	46	0
Parma, Hotel de la Poste, good and clean	46	10
Reggio, Hotel de la Poste, bad and dirty	42	0
Bologna, Hotel de trei Mori, very good	53	10
Pianora	43	0
Corvigliajo, excellent, clean and comfortable	54	2
Florence, Hotel des Isles Britanniques, excellent, nineteen days . . .	834	12
Monte Vaschi, indifferent	45	2
Camucchia	40	14
Perugia, Hotel de la Poste, good . .	53	18
Spoleto, very good and comfortable .	46	14
Narni, very fair	57	15
Sette Vene, very fair	48	10

	fr.	c.
Rome, Hotel de l'Amerique, *via* Babuino, excellent.		
Cisterna, moderate	30	15
Terracina, Albergo Reale, very good .	41	15
St. Agatha, Casa Nuova, excellent .	41	16
Naples, Hotel Bellevue, very clean . .	45	0

From the foregoing, a very good idea of the expense, having everything as good as can be desired, may be formed—the average rate will be seen to be about forty-five francs for six people, or about seven and a half per head. I have not placed the expense at Rome, because here I joined another family, and we occupied about ten rooms; but the average price was not above eighty francs a-day for the whole, and it was impossible to find greater attention or civility.

It is the fashion now to write books upon inns; and when I was at Florence, a letter was shewn me from an advertizing agent, to an innkeeper at Florence, offering him two pages in his new work upon Inns in Italy, for two guineas. The innkeeper might write what he chose; and in such a book as this, it is not hard to judge of the flaming accounts we should have of all the inns on the continent;

but there are two or three hotels which deserve particular notice, such as the Albergo Reale, at Milan, and the Hotel des Isles Britanniques, at Florence.

The Albergo Reale is not the first inn in appearance—for the Hotel de Ville, which stands in the Corso, makes a much greater show from its position—but it cannot surpass, if it rivals, the Albergo Reale in moderation, cleanliness, and comfort. At all hotels, the traveller, of course, makes his agreement for everything. Before he enters into possession at the Albergo Reale, he will have no occasion to be displeased with the civil, courteous, and very moderate proprietor; and at the table-d'hôte he will avoid the Austrian officers, who, although in society thorough gentlemen, feel themselves at Milan as rulers, and exact more attention than could be conveniently paid to the rest of the company—besides which, an Austrian officer at Milan may insult you with impunity; and if you venture to call in question his civility, you may be handed over to the military tribunal, and be disposed of with no more noise than a musket might make. At the Albergo Reale no one is admitted who does not reside in the house.

The necessity of making an agreement for every thing has been mentioned by all travellers, and yet many omit the precaution, and are, consequently, cheated in the most barefaced manner. I know two gentlemen who were charged sixty francs for breakfast, and five francs each for the servants; it is true, their courier arranged their affairs, and not much to the interest of his masters; but I have seen the most extravagant bills presented, merely by omitting this precaution. Surely the most noble dignity is not much compromised, by asking the price of the rooms, dinner, breakfast, and attendance, and then to offer a reduced price; rest perfectly certain when your offer is accepted, that the landlord will not be ruined—he will take very good care of himself; and little do you know how small is the price of fowls and other comestibles.

It is in the small inns, not the large ones, where you are pillaged—my friend at Berisol on the Simplon can make out a bill—when your fatigue horses cannot carry you any farther, or a heavy fall of snow prevents your moving—as well as the master of the Ship Inn at Dover; and as Terracina is the land of bri-

gands, and only one inn in the place; it is well to sleep soundly, knowing how much you are to pay on the morrow.

You will find no more conscientious landlord than mine host of the Hotel des Isles Britanniques, at Florence; neither will you find more elegant rooms, nor greater comfort; besides which, it is impossible for civility and attention to be carried farther. If you should stop at Corvigliajo, situated just under the highest point of the Apennines, and in a wild and dreary country, you will pay your bill without regret—for you will have been as comfortable as possible, and with a chef-de-cuisine who might do better for himself elsewhere. There is some good wine in that cellar, as I can vouch; for, after scaling the highest peak, I felt none the worse for the comfort and consolation I bestowed on the inward man.

Woodcocks fly about here in numbers, and mine host knows how, at breakfast or dinner, to please the palates of the most fastidious Englishman—and they are the most difficult to satisfy. A Frenchman will roll up a pound of meat on his fork, and hoist it all in at once, like a butt of water in an Indiaman's hold,

and yet he will gravely assure you, that the French eat little in comparison with the English, and are far better judges of the cookery; but upon their bolting principle I do not see how this is possible—as for a hungry American, accustomed to a table-d'hôte, he never can taste any thing but the knife—or the fork!

At Rome, or Naples, all the large inns are admirably conducted; but at the latter place, they are generally very dear. You must pay for comfort; but you might live in private apartments for a quarter of the sum, and at your own hours, which is a comfort.

There is another kind of hotel to which I sincerely hope none of my readers may be driven, or rather rowed—I mean the Lazaretto, at Naples. You are caged off like so many wild beasts, and shown through bars, like hyenas, to which animal, in the ferocity of confinement, you may bear a striking similitude; you are fed moderately, but you are subject to charges which are rather exorbitant, not so much for the living, as for the honour bestowed upon you.

As his majesty of Naples is resolved every other month to find out there is a cholera in Paris,—and I conscientiously believe the Nea-

politan cholera, until it actually did break out, to be a two-legged one, and very much to resemble a Prince Murat in appearance,—the heedless or unwary traveller may have to take up his abode either on that delightful solitude Nisida, or a worse prison at Posilipo. When he has wearied out his ten days, or more, as the case may be, and is again to be a free man, as far as his feet are concerned, he will be presented with the following bill, which is quite a gem in its way:

"Nota della Spese Sanitarie da pagarsi dai Passeggiere disbarcati del Vapore Monjibello."

Introduzione in Lazaretto.	3
Vettura al Deputato per l'introduzione.	1.50
Visita medica per l'introduzione . . .	2
Visita medica per la Pratica	2
Pratica.	6
Cancellata della Patente	1.20
Dritto d'assistenza, 10 Giorni . . .	3.50
Una Guardia per 10 Giorni	5
Una Guardia nella 5 Giorni	1.50
	27.20

Paying for being introduced to your prison is not bad; and as for the medical visits, they are in imagination; but travellers ought to be

fleeced, and it is a great satisfaction to find a government setting the example; besides, of course, the patients ought to pay for the doctor's carriage—what right has the government to pay its own servants? But this is a bill cheerfully paid by the affluent, to escape from the confinement; but it falls hard upon the lower orders, to whom in Naples a few Carlini are a fortune.

It is but fair to mention, that even in the most unfrequented parts of Switzerland, you can find fair accommodation—I mean where there is a high road.

From Interlacken to Vevay, by the Simmenthal, which route has neither the stern magnificence of the Münster Thal, or the savage sublimity of the Gründelwald—but possesses all the softness of landscape, all the beauty of cultivation, and is not deficient in mountains, which arise boldly in the face of heaven, and enclose the most perfect of valleys, in which the Simmen hurries and bustles, and frets and foams, like an impatient child—the inns are fair.

At Boltingen will be found one, good, clean, and reasonable; even at Chateau D'Oex, there is not a good cause of complaint; and con-

sidering the miserable village in which it stands, with the very small chance of abundant inmates, the house is well conducted, and the kitchen not to be despised.

I was up early on the morning of the 21st of August, and walked onwards, leaving the carriage to overtake me, if it could. It was a magnificent day, and to a man of romantic mind, and that influenced by the great genius and sublime poetry, the scenery would drive him enthusiastic; but the reality of the route is a very different affair; whilst all around, above and below, was beautiful to behold, the road was execrable, and shook my faith in Murray's book. I walked nearly the whole way from Albeuve to Gruyeres; and Byron's village of Montbovor, called by him "a *pretty* scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge," is, to my unpoetical eyes, about the dirtiest and most miserable of those through which the traveller is doomed to pass, who takes this route; neither is Nerive, nor Villard-sur-mont, any better. The only marks of opulence were in the churches, for this is the Catholic canton of Fribourg; and, however rough and uneven was the way to the traveller, and poor and destitute as were the inhabit-

ants, still the churches had thriven, and plenty of weeping orphans might have seen

"Their fathers' stores,
The shrines irradiate or emblaze the floors."

Here the priesthood look sleek and fat amidst the surrounding poverty; here the country loses its pastoral character, giving way to villages and churches; but the high-arch gothic bridge, over which the carriage was with great difficulty dragged, and the sharp declivities which threaten at every step an accident, made the road very unpleasant for the pedestrian, and were the cause of many screams from the ladies in uglies and veils, so well contrived, that they might as well have driven up Regent Street, as far as the view was concerned; but we left the mountain scenery when we got to Basle, and here we found an inn, by no means to be despised.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM BASLE TO BERNE.

The day was hot, and there were plenty of people, whose faces we had seen toiling over the Wengern Alps, or keeping a tottering balance on the Mer de Glace, breakfasting on the balcony. Somehow, in Switzerland, the stream always appears to set the same way. You may say good-bye at Interlacken, but you will stumble over your friend again within eight-and-forty hours. And as I still walked onwards, on the beautiful road which leads from Basle to Vevay, I heard my name shouted from a diligence window, and recognized one of the most eccentric of London society, disguised sufficiently to have carried on any of the pranks and frolics for which he was so celebrated.

I hardly know any where a more pleasing walk than from St. Denis to Vevay. What an enchanting view! and what a burst of magnificence it is, as, rounding the various turns to diminish the descent, the eye first lights upon the Lake of Geneva, when the snow-capped Dent de Midi, the beautiful and cultivated slopes, the deep ravines, and the elegant luxury, which seems every where, burst upon the eye. It must be a cold heart which does not beat quicker at this sight; and a very fastidious traveller he must be, who is not contented with Monnier's Hotel, at Vevay.

I exchanged the savage scenery, the solitary perched-up châlet, the dull gloom, and somewhat awe and silence of the districts through which I had passed, without much regret; for one tires of mountains, as inconstant men do, of the loveliest of women. And as I began the descent from St. Denis, I felt prepared to agree with those who fix the heights above Vevay, as one of the most enchanting views which gladden the eyes in Europe. It was hardly worth while to have such a splendid preface to arrive at such a miserable place as Vevay—but Vevay is sacred, from historical and poetical reminiscences.

What ungrateful fellows these Swiss are—surely if they fire salutes for Albert Smith's arrival at Chamounix, the good people of the Lake of Geneva might subscribe a few batzen and rapps, that is if they are worth a rapp, to erect a monument to Lord Byron, on the small island with the three trees, mentioned in the Prisoner of Chillon.

> "And then there was a little Isle,
> Which in my very face did smile,
> The only one in view.
> A small green Isle, it seemed no more,
> Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
> But in it there were three small trees."

For much as the mania for travelling exists, I believe Lord Byron has sent as many people to the Lake of Geneva, as Albert Smith sent to the Lake of Chamounix.

That huge caravansary at Basle had shaken the nerves of the delicate ladies; and when we started for Berne, in a carriage drawn by three horses, and contracted for at one hundred and twenty francs,—a very inflamed figure, if Murray is right, who gives the maximum price of nine francs a horse per day, and which same horse, even blind, lame, broken-kneed, or a bolter, I never could find, — I was

not sorry to leave this hot-bed of methodism, and this last refuge of virtue.

The good people of Basle, the best judgment of whose virtues may be estimated by half-an-hour's walk on the bridge after sunset, are so religiously correct, that they do not allow any carriage to leave the town during the hours of divine service; so those who contract for a two days' journey, going through the Münster Thal, had better be early in their departure, or the very demure and reproachful look of the pious at Sunday travelling may not be very agreeable.

Sunday travelling may be, and is, very wrong, when it can be avoided; and yet a really religious mind will be much elevated by the associations which arise within him as he journeys through the Münster Thal, even on a Sunday. There is a certain awe and sublimity as the busy world is left behind, and the traveller enters this silent, gloomy, but magnificent pass; there was a Sabbath stillness in the air, which was only disturbed by the rapid Birs, as it turned and twisted through this deep gorge, fretting and foaming. I did not hear the sound even of a solitary bird; and as the eye followed the line of the silent, dark forest

which shrouds the mountain in a funereal garment—there was more religion in the mind, than even at a church where an indifferent preacher (and we cannot always have good ones) lulls his congregation to nods, by a voice more monotonous than the silvery current of the Birs. I soon had to walk, and scale the hill, and compassionated the three poor brutes who had to toil with such a weight behind them. As I continued my ascent, the river was lost to sight, although its rapid course, as it wound through rocks, or tumbled over precipices, made a bellowing noise; some toppling crags seemed to threaten a rocky avalanche, and here and there I saw fresh traces of the ravages of the mountain cataract. The darkening hues, as the setting sun shaded in sombre darkness the dismal forest, had a most religious influence on the mind; and in this grand and magnificent scenery, I felt my perfect insignificance.

It was seven o'clock before we arrived at the small, neat, clean, and comfortable inn of Melleray; the villagers were enjoying their Sunday relaxation, and as I walked a short distance from the inn, I met hundreds returning in joyous mood, refreshed by the holiday, and

wearing the cheerful smile of health and contentment. On my return, I found a miserable-looking dirty vehicle driving to the door, from which descended a young man, with another of more mature age—there was a servant who looked nearly as poor as his master, and who handed out a carpet bag, which seemed the working material of the trio.

The two first went into the modest public room, and at one end of the long table were soon enjoying, what in England is called, a substantial tea; the servant swaggered, and, of course, was better fed—he was not disposed to disguise himself, or the master he served; he was evidently somebody, this servant—and very soon, unable to contain within himself the honour of his position, informed my courier, that his master, the young man, was the Prince of Prussia.

I never saw a more modest and agreeable-looking young man in my life. At four in the morning, without in the slightest manner disturbing the inhabitants of the inn, and paying a bill of about fifteen francs, this active Prince continued his journey; here was an example well worthy of being followed—there was no foolish ostentation, no encouragement for

plunder, no overbearing impertinence, but the manner and conduct of a thorough nobleman and careful gentleman.

What a change was at the quiet inn of Melleray, after the riot of Paris, the noise of Strasburg, or the rush of the Rhine at Basle. The village lies in a hollow, on all sides surrounded by the high mountains; and by ten o'clock at night the stillness was something marvellous. Let all travellers remember that trout are in great abundance, and that the cook at Melleray knows right well how to please the English taste.

If ever I married a very stupid beauty, who had no conversation, and wished to get heartily sick of my bargain in a week, I should take her to Melleray; I should certainly only have my insipid beauty as a companion, and I know no dulness equal to such company—her stillness and the natural stillness, would make any man mad to dive into the vortex of excitement, and leave his love behind him.

The inn of the Couronne, at Berne, is excellent. Take good care to have your rooms on that side of the house which overlooks the River Aär: there is a cleanliness in this hotel that I have seldom, if ever, seen surpassed—to

be sure I had walked seven hours, and slept, as perfect health, with a quiet mind, sleeps—and those who admire scenery more than the careful preservation of their complexions, will be rewarded between Tavernes until the first glimpse of the Lake of Bienne, and not think much of the seven hours' walk. The road, which nearly clambers to the summit of the hills, shews the ravines in all their depth and beauty—even to the exclusion from the sight of the River Suze, although it brawls as it dashes over the rocks, and foams through clefts; there is a freshness, a pureness in this Swiss air, which seems to hurry on the sluggish blood of a city, and the man of fifty puts his foot to the ground and raises it with all the force and elasticity of twenty-five. I begin to think a person takes a fresh lease of life, as he inhales this pure air, and for a moment leaves all his earthly cares, but his wife, behind him.

I had a walk through this dull town of Arcades; gaped at all the fountains; remarked the figure of the bear in wood, and stone, and real life; ascended the tower of the minster, and, rather fatigued, had, at nearly the setting of the sun, sat down on the platform

in front of the minster, being rather giddy with looking down the precipice of one hundred and eight feet, over which the young student leapt with his horse, and was *not* killed. It was, as I said, nearly sunset, and I had that "peculiar state of the atmosphere, when the slanting rays were reflected from the Alpine snows in glowing pink." There, in all their glory, were the six snowy peaks of the great chain; there were the Wetterhorn, Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, proudly raising their fantastic peaks to heaven—it was a glorious sight, filling the mind with all possible poetical imagery. I was lost in rapture and amazement, and was in all the enjoyment which such a scene inspires, when I was disturbed in my reverie by the heavy breathing of a man, better described as puffing and blowing. I turned round, and beheld the very type and figure of an opulent railway contractor—he looked at me, and putting his huge paw upon my shoulder, asked, in *such* a voice, "*His them the Halps?*"

That knocked all the poetry out of me. I got up, walked off to the hotel, and returned to earth and all its realities, as I saw the numerous inhabitants of Berne sitting at their win-

dows with the eternal window-seats covered with red, and the looking-glasses so contrived as to catch all objects which passed. I went first to the clock tower, saw the cock crow and flap its wings, and the procession of bears who walk before the gaping figure with his sceptre, that marks the hours. It is a mere toy, after the splendid machinery at the Strasburg Cathedral—then again returned to the Couronne, and felt more and more satisfied that this inn has many advantages over the Faucon, which likewise is a first-rate inn; but in the centre of a street, and wanting the fresh breezes which sweep over the mountains and the Aar, and come healthy and clear upon the Couronne.

CHAPTER V.

INTERLACKEN.

THAT with which we are very familiar, we care very little about. Those who live near the Alps, see nothing very beautiful in a mountain; and whilst at Interlacken, at the setting of the sun, or in the calm and clear moonlight, where the Jungfrau rears "its never-trodden snows" (and this is a mistake of Byron), although you may see dozens of sentimental young ladies, and men with wide-awakes and Alpinestocks, gazing with wonder and somewhat of awe; yet your Swiss girl, as she turns to see at what you are gazing, imagining it must be a balloon, turns back her head, and goes onward, wondering what there is to be seen in a snow-covered mountain.

At Interlacken you are sure to find some peculiar people; the general rush is much the same everywhere; here and there you may pick up a stray lord, or a gouty baronet; but in general the society consists of those who have left home to *do* the Oberland, live upon five francs a day, and get health; and there is one blessing, that exclusions are rare; there is a certain disposition to be pleased, and the bracing morning air, the continued exercise and moderate living, tend much to establish good humour and sociability.

When I was at Interlacken, we had earls, counts, and baronets, an expatriated French Royalist General, and very pretty women. Amongst the society, we had a little man who walked always with his nose pointing to the heavens, as if he smelt something disagreeable on earth. He was *at* everybody, with everybody, and belonged to nobody. He was small, active of step, solicitous to be acquainted with every little conversation, and with that open mouth of contented simplicity, which is the characteristic of the rustic—he was called, why or wherefore I never could divine, Mr. Pincher, and was the same man I met in the

Strasburg Cathedral. The armadillo was a joke to him—he was eternally on the move.

There was also an enterprizing, strong-minded woman, who, knowing nobody, found everybody partners, and setting all forms of society at defiance, only sought, in the goodness of her heart, to make all parties agreeable to each other.

We made up the trio in a ductile darling, a woman who had been pretty, and never could remember its change; she devoted herself exclusively to ascertaining who everybody was—what he had—running through the genealogical tree of father and mother, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and all relations and friends, as children say in their nursery orations. A new comer was a fresh field of enterprize; in five minutes after the arrivals had been fed, and stretched themselves to see if they could contain more, the ductile darling had commenced her extraction, and had drawn out sufficient of the names of families to relate it to everybody else. She was always to be seen about five o'clock, sitting near the doorway, to be ready to estimate the value of every traveller, either by his servants, carriage, or portmanteaus. From her observations she

had arrived at a great knowledge of human nature; she could detect the clerk of an Agent de Change in spite of his gold-chain or yellow gloves, and knew a retired tradesman, with his bedizened daughters, at first glance.

I happened to have undergone the ductile process with considerable ease, when I heard her attack a new arrival, who had with her two of the prettiest daughters that adorned the large salle of the Hotel des Alpes.

"You must have had a dusty drive to-day," began the ductile darling.

"Not much; I came by the boat from Thun, and enjoyed the lake scenery."

"It is very lovely, and your daughters must have been more gratified than with London parks, or Serpentine."

"We came from Paris; we live there."

"But surely you are English?"

"I am English, but my husband is French."

"He does not look so; this gentleman has the English countenance so marked, that few could mistake him."

"He is not my husband, that is my husband," pointing to a pair of moustaches, and a rather greasy-looking face.

The strong-minded individual now came into play, asking the mamma if her daughters might dance, as Count A., the tall gentleman who danced so elegantly, was most desirous of that honour and pleasure.

"Oh, certainly," replied the mother.

"What name shall I mention?"

"Mademoiselle L."

"Mademoiselle L., allow me to present Count A." They take their places for the dance.

Up comes Pincher to the ductile darling; they have it all in a moment. "An English lady married to a French gentleman — he looks like a Jew, and wears a heavy chain," continued the darling; "named L., comes from Paris, and allows her daughters to dance."

Pincher was alongside of Monsieur L. in a moment, and discovered that he intended to remain ten days—was going over the Wengern Alps next day—had been a banker—contemplated a return to Paris for the winter—saw a heavy fall in the funds—was certain England would coax France into the war, all for her own gain, and for the security of the Emperor; and thus set up Pincher in politics and acquaintance for the next ten days.

The sentimental young lady mentioned in the first chapter was twirling with a live earl; the ductile darling was sure "so fair a pair were never seen;" and the strong-minded individual, was sorry she had introduced Count A. to Mademoiselle L., since Miss B., with whom he danced generally four or five times every evening, looked very sad and downcast, and refused to dance, excepting with a travelling clergyman.

This is a rough sketch of the manner by which all were known and all were assailed — but there was an Irish gentleman with a lady of retired habits, and neither Pincher, the ductile darling, nor the strong-minded could fathom him; the consequence was, he was handed over to the company, in whispers, as a suspicious man, with a lady in dress, but certainly no better than she ought to be.

A Sunday at Interlacken is a terrible heavy day—some, the French for instance, make it a *jour de fête*, and leave the sober-minded English to their own inherent dulness. The peasants are all clean and orderly, and the vanity of the girls is to be seen in the silver orna-

ments exhibited round their necks, in their dress and hair, as they appear dimanchéd.

I was early at the church, which exemplified in itself the great principle of civil and religious liberty. On the ground floor the Catholic service was going on, in a neatly vaulted kind of cellar, improved, adorned, and devoted to the exercise of that worship. The service was very respectably performed, and there seemed more attention than is generally observed in such churches as the Magdalene, the Duomo at Florence, or St. Peter's at Rome. In all of these, and many more, the religion seems to consist of kneeling on the first chair, crossing oneself, and then devoting the eyes to every object near; whilst the lips go on mechanically muttering words of which the mind is insensible, the formality of a book seems a very useless incumbrance.

On the floor above this Catholic Church, the Protestant service was going on in the Swiss language; almost every one of the women was dressed in black, very devout and attentive, and the clergyman fluent and impressive—there was a certain silent solemnity, which was exceedingly creditable.

When the Swiss service is done, the English

begins; there is always a clergyman either from Geneva or elsewhere, belonging to the Church of England, to perform the service.

A gentleman who had been assailed by Pincher, asked him if he were not going to church. Pincher cocked up his nose, and replied, that "he had heard a certain learned gentleman excuse himself (as he intended to do for the same reason), which was—that it was unfair to embarrass the Divinity, who was obliged at the same moment, and from the same church, to hear two congregations, each declaring the other a heretic—and each, by virtue of their own faith, soliciting favour for themselves, which they quietly and reverentially denied to the other." Pincher declared he could not contribute to the embarrassment, and declined the half-hour's discourse.

Leaving Pincher's irreligion out of the question, it certainly is rather uncommon to find a church devoted to the worship of Catholic, Protestant, and Lutheran, nearly all at the same time—especially since, in these days of sectarian controversy and hatred, it is not uncommon to hear a fiery Protestant handing over the Catholics to eternal damnation, and the Catholics returning the compliment; now,

this happening in the same church, and at the same moment, might, as Mr. Pincher declared, have embarrassed the Divinity. I attended all three, and hope with no uncharitable feeling to any; but I think perhaps it *would* be better if the *embarrassment* could be removed, by removing one of the sects from the other.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JUNGFRAU.

I HAVE known ladies declare the very dust of Paris more genial than the purest air over the highest mountain, or the most extended sea. There is no accounting for taste; those who are up by five at Interlacken, will find an exhilaration of spirit, which all the infinitesimal dust of the Champs Elysees could never supply; and as I stood under the Staubbach, or Dust water-fall, I felt a more enlivening sensation, than when I have seen, in the early morning, the first labourer going to his Parisian work.

It is a heresy, of course, not to agree with Byron in his comparison of this waterfall to the tail of the Pale Horse to be bestrode by Death, or to wonder at Rogers's "Heaven-born waterfall." It is very poetical and very

fine, but I never was more disappointed in my life; there is nothing grand, and it might as well be compared to Pleasure rushing headlong to destruction, and lost in tears. There are such millions of waterfalls in Switzerland so infinitely superior, even in the volume and the dust-like invisibility, that I wonder how this great poet ever made the fortune of this waterfall. The Trümmelbach, a little higher up the valley, and on the opposite side, may be likened, if we must have similes, in its impetuous rush to Vengeance boiling in its wrath, foaming and bubbling in its anger. I was looking into the cavern where the Trümmelbach was hissing and roaring, when I was suddenly made aware that I had not escaped Mr. Pincher—who, condescending to allow his nose for once an earthly tendency, remarked, "that it was not worth while coming so far, to see the effect which might be produced by upsetting a few buckets of water into a large stone basin." however, he seemed so fascinated by the eternal boiling and bubbling, that I escaped his infliction for a time.

We were six of us, three ladies and three gentlemen—armed, of course, with Alpinestocks and a travelling-case, blue veils, wide-awakes,

shooting jackets, thick boots, two chaises à porteur, and two horses; as for the guides, or their names, their numbers have long since faded from my memory; but we had as many camp followers as an army—every one seeming to employ himself in carrying the least possible amount of weight, but still to be attached to the company. Each horse had two bridle knights, and a fellow with a pair of legs which would have done honour to some of the stone saints at St. Peter's, burthened himself with either a light coat, or an umbrella. I always considered it a fortunate event for my salvation that I could not swear in Swiss—or a vast amount of oaths would have been recorded against me on that same 19th of August.

Turning to the left by the small church, we soon begun the ascent, and very shortly followed Lord Byron's example, and took off my coat; what a miserable, winding, stony-stepping road or pathway it is—but painful as it was, and rugged and neglected as it has often been, it was freed from the nuisance of beggars; from Lauterbrunner to the Staubbach seems the surest harvest for the inventors of amusement or the solicitors of

charity—and what with firing guns for the echo, putting planks to cross rivulets, offering flowers or toys for sale, and holding out the itching palm, the traveller has enough of that society for the diffusion of mendicancy before he ascends the side of the valley, by which he is to escape the annoyance.

The ladies in the chaise à porteur had the best of it, if they could only have believed so; but as we toiled up the road, and the precipice below looked more appalling, fright began to require assurance. This was only to be done by means of the travelling case, which contained sherry, brandy, cold fowl, bread, &c.; the case being one of those dirt-cheap purchases only costing five pounds, and which came fresh from the manufacturer to the vendor for half that sum.

"What is the halt for?" inquired an officer who had gone through half the jungles of India.

"I have such a sinking," replied one of the ladies, whose face was particularly well shut out from all view, by means of an ugly and a double blue veil.

"What's to be done for this sinking?"

"The travelling case;" she hesitated to pro-

nounce the word "sherry." Now, in our suite was a French lady's-maid, who hearing the summons, called out to her husband, who bore this precious affair: "Lowe, apportez le *Sinking-Case.*" From that moment, all through Italy, over Alps and Apennines, en route or at home, this elegant toy went by the name of the "Sinking Case"—and it merited its appellation, for at every two hundred yards it sunk in value in regard to its contents.

Revived by the stimulant, which seemed by no means disregarded by men or women, we pursued our ascent. There is no greater mistake than eating or drinking when undergoing fatigue. I never yet knew this remark to fail —"The first who drinks, will be the first *done.*" The guides cannot resist the allurements of a sinking-case; but I have remarked them, when they required to moisten the heated dryness of their mouths, plunging their faces into water, but never swallowing it.

The summit nearly gained, some of the party could not resist the mountain strawberry and fresh cream which was kept in the shade, and in its coolness became the more inviting. I passed onwards by myself, following three German students; but seeing them turn to the

left, I continued the road, which wound through wood and brake, but which was evidently leading downwards instead of upwards. I had proceeded at least a mile, when the shrill voice of a girl, about six years of age, attracted my attention. She was waving to me; at first, as I saw she was near a hut, I thought it was an invitation to strawberries and cream, and turned to pursue my route; but again she screamed and ran towards me; upon which I turned. She told me I was going down in the valley again, and shewed me, far, far above me, on the sloping downs, plenty of other travellers pursuing the route I ought to have taken; and I had, for my self-sufficiency, the pleasure of increasing my walk at least another mile.

I arrived at last in the vicinity of the mountain inn, the Hotel de la Jungfrau, and there, throwing myself on the grass directly opposite the huge mountain, which rises above the valley 11,000 feet, and 13,718 above the level of the sea, being flanked by others, such as the Dent d'Argent ("shining like truth," as Byron says), the Wetterhorn, Great and Little Giant, &c. The position which I had chosen to rest my limbs and to study the avalanches, was

5350 feet above the valley. I had arrived before noon, the time when these "thundering lawines" are most frequent. I was not the least displeased at finding near me the two beautiful Madlles. L., who seemed to have set the sun at defiance, but not without paying the penalty of shewing their lovely faces to that luminary — beautiful and white as was their skin, it had got a fearful burn from the jealous god.

The distant roar announced an avalanche, but it had passed. Here is a great inaccuracy of Murray, who, in his description, says, "The attention is *first* arrested by a distant roar, not unlike thunder, *and in half a minute* a gush of white powder, resembling a small cataract, is perceived issuing out of one of the upper grooves or gullies; it then sinks into a low fissure, and is lost only to re-appear at a lower stage, some hundred feet below; soon after, another roar, and a fresh gush from a lower gully, till the mass of ice, reaching the lowest step, is precipitated into the gulf below."

This is very circumstantial, but it is all wrong; "the white powder, resembling a small cataract," is the *cause* of the thunder,

and, therefore, precedes it; and when the noise is heard at the half minute, making a distance of five miles as the rate sound flies, the avalanche is over. To watch these avalanches the eye must be kept vigilantly fixed upon the mountain; it will then detect the first issue of this cataract of pulverized ice, which is, as we are told, ground to powder so fine, that it looks "like a handful of meal." By counting the seconds before the noise is heard, and taking them in a rough method at four to the mile, the distance will be easily and accurately enough measured. I saw and heard nine; some grand in their thundering descent, others more feeble and insignificant.

But the wonder is the immense masses which constitute this "gush of white powder." From the place of observation, I was distant nearly five miles from the avalanches, in some much further, and yet the separated particles are distinguishable; that is, the eye does not receive it as one mass, but as separate and multitudinous pieces, the enormous size of which is rarely reflected upon. Five miles is a long distance to see an object, and it must be very large to be distinguished at all; certainly each atom of apparent powder, or dust, must be the

size of an elephant, and I doubt if you see even that, at five miles' distance; and in the headlong perpendicular descent, the *continued* roar of the thunder is heard; that which, at the finale, appears but one or two straggling atoms, must, from the roar, be tremendous masses. But these roll harmless, and do not "fall on things which still would live," nor do they destroy "the young flourishing forest, or the hut, and hamlet of the harmless village;" these avalanches tumble down into a deep valley, where there is neither hut or harmless village.

As I lay my length on the kind of Brighton down, which slopes into the valley, I had by my side two fatigued beauties, the Madlles. L.; and as they, with all the enthusiasm of the young, poured forth their exclamations of wonder and surprise, and dwelt with an ecstatic rapture on the magnificence of the scene, we heard a voice, now as well known as the raven's croak, interrupting the silvery tones of the ladies, with—

"Well, I don't see anything wonderful in all this; the mountain looks like a huge wedding-cake without its ornaments. I do not know any thing more monotonous to the eye than eternal snow—a giant's head with white

hair; in fact, turn it and twist it as you will, it is only *snow*."

"But, Mr. Pincher," replied the youngest girls, "do you see nothing wonderful in those mountains, which seem to rise, in defiance of clouds, to heaven, and their varied forms? Look at the Silber Hörner, although parts of the Jungfrau see how they seem to envy the greater height of the parent! and the two giants, but a few hundred feet inferior in height! whilst that huge mountain, the Peak of Terror, Schreckhorn, seems fixed, like a needle's point, lost in the immensity of space! And listen to that tremendous avalanche!—see, there is another at this moment separating from the huge mass, and tumbling headlong, ground to powder, and roaring in its destruction!"

"Mighty fine, indeed!" said Pincher, with a countenance as unchangeable as a deal plank, and with his nose cocked aloft. "But all these Giants, and Mönchs and Wetterhorns, and Schreckhorns, are, after all, nothing but very high hills covered with snow; and as for the avalanche, of which you seem in poetic raptures, it looks nothing more than a profusion of dirt, shot from a dustman's cart. There!—

look!—what do you see now, but a tail of shingle, if you like it whitewashed, and tumbling down the side of the hill?"

"Good gracious! Mr. Pincher," said the elder girl, roused to unusual excitement, "you have no soul—no heart—no feeling; you are as still in your emotions as the peak of the Finster Aarhorn!"

"The extinguisher steeple at the bottom of Portland Place grown old! I can fancy nothing so wofully dull as lodging in the Hotel de la Jungfrau, and being condemned to look at that cold, inanimate, huge hill painted white; rely upon it, you enthusiastic ladies would infinitely prefer the squeaking of two or three fiddles, and a polka with Count A. or the Earl of R., than to be placed at that window, in the calm solitude of this monotonous place, and made to gape at that sugar-covered cake of a mountain!"

"Oh! Mr. Pincher, you really have no sentiment."

"And hope I never shall have; now supposing I had the power of enthusiasm, and poured it forth in rapturous expressions upon living beauty, I should never cease in my praises of you, and you would soon find it a

platitude. There, don't blush, or you might make a man the sworn enemy to all humbug in words; liken you to the crimson rose, and that beautiful fresh skin to the envying lily."

"Well done, Mr. Pincher," said the younger girl, "I begin to have some hopes of you. See, another avalanche!"

"Ah," replied Pincher, "I have seen enough of the white-washed gravel, and am far more disposed to look at the dinner of mine host of the Jungfrau; for he has a capital table-d'hôte, and that summoning bell has more charms to my ear, than the roar of the Dust-cart."

I am bound to add, that the French father participated much in the remarks of Pincher, and easily enticed his daughters to take seats in a close, hot, beef-smelling room, leaving the avalanches to tumble as best they could. I rose to join my own party, who had now arrived, and who were, before beginning their observations on the Jungfrau, busily employed with the "sinking-case;" and there before us passed traveller after traveller, each speeding his way to the hotel.

It was a curious sight to watch these people, and study their characters; some seemed

overpowered by the sight, and the horse might have walked down the descent instead of keeping on the slope, without the rider noticing the mistake; but the poor horse, like Pincher, saw more attractive fare at the inn, and freshened his way as he approached his resting-place. Every day of its existence, in this season, was that poor brute obliged to carry a burthen up the desperate hills, or to drag a carriage to Grindenwald; directly he was released of his burthen, he indulged in a roll, whilst his rider came to gaze on the Jungfrau.

The minds of others were evidently far away; the eye rested for a second on this magnificent chain of mountains, and then looked vacantly on the ground, whilst the hand seemed mechanically to wave backwards and forwards a small switch; some looked dead beat, and "larding the lean earth as they walked along," a kind of obambulatory perspiration—the handkerchief being a mop and a fan; and what with keeping off the flies—these flies are horrid nuisances—and gathering the pearly drops, the wearied wanderer cast his eyes at the "sinking-case," rather than in a contrary direction, where the Jungfrau

looked calmly upon him. There were plenty of the young of both sexes, who seemed to enjoy the liberty of the day, and who ran, leaping, screaming, and tumbling, not at all inclined to listen to the admonitions of the mammas, or the instructions of the governess.

The inn was a strange omnium-gatherum; in a room near the kitchen, and under a shed outside, the guides, who had, year after year, and day after day, performed this route like white mice in a cage going the Home Circuit, sat gobbling and drinking; to them the scenery was the dull monotony of Pincher; the whole mountain might have made itself into an avalanche, and filled up the valley which separates the inn from the Jungfrau, and not one of these people would have lifted their eyes from their platters.

The horses seemed to know the exact time to be devoted to their refreshments, and dozens of them, strung together in a line, seemed catering for a wager; in the Salle, about fifty were hard at work, setting at defiance heat and flies, and caring much more for the next dish, than the next avalanche; whilst the servants, all merry Swiss girls, and no beauties

either, seemed everywhere, at every call, and with wonderful activity supplied the wants of the guests. I confessed the whole scene so entirely devoted to other views than that of nature, made me a convert to a young lady's opinion, who, like Pincher, was not endowed with much romance, "that the Wengern Alps was a thing which must be *done*, and therefore the sooner it *was done* the better; it would look so stupid to have been at Interlacken, and not to have *done* the sights."

Very few saw in the snow-covered mountain before them, the source of inspiration which filled the poetic fountain of a Byron, and dashed off all the sublimity of thought, all the overpowering magnitude of conception, so lavishly bestowed in Manfred. Of the thousands who swell the society of Interlacken, how very, very few are they who even explore the Valley of Lauterbrunn beyond the Staubbach; who resist all temptations to fatigue, to visit the Falls of the Schmadribach, far more attractive than that of the "Dust Stream," and where the water issuing from the Glacier gives a novelty to the Cataract, merely because it is not one of the sights to be *done*—not enjoyed—and Byron has not immortalized

it in Manfred. What a strange mimic race we are—I verily believe if Byron, instead of snow-balling Hobhouse, had turned head over heels down a part of the slope, half the *sight-seers* would consider it a necessary part of the day's work to have done the same.

As my companions were young and vigorous, I did the horse the favour of entrusting my precious self to his footsteps; and these animals have a well-earned reputation for their discretion—the first beginning of the three hours' descent to Grindelwald is over downs, and passes a forest, which was destroyed by an avalanche; it is very hard to believe it; for it seems impossible that any amount of ice could reach this spot from any mountain in the vicinity; but here are the trees, "whole woods of withered pines—all withered trunks, stripped and barkless branches, lifeless;" "the trunks broken short off, close to the ground, still stand like stubbles left by the scythe." I gazed upon these trees, and I looked around for the mountain from which such an avalanche could come; and I confess, if it had not been so well authenticated, I should remain very incredulous.

Before me, on horseback, was the mixed

breed of the French and English blood, which, upon this occasion, was somewhat in a ferment, from the excessive heat and burning sun; the uneven, difficult, slippery, sloppy road; the impatience of the father; the annoyance of Pincher, and the very natural fear of the beauties. The horses of the latter lost their characters for sure-footedness, for the path was steep and difficult, strewn with fallen rocks, and occasionally through marshy ground.

My brute seemed to dislike my weight, and felt much more inclined to take a siesta in the cool swamp beneath, than to carry me; it seemed resolved never to step on the right place, notwithstanding I left him at perfect liberty to choose his own way. Stumble, stumble, stumble—all the horses seemed to have imbibed intoxicating draughts, with the mountain air and water. The youngest Mademoiselle L. declared she could not hazard the riding longer; the papa's horse went merrily on, and the papa attributed these false slips to the daughter's imprudence; even Pincher's horse seemed to rebuke the other animals, and went pushing along unceremoniously.

As I had nearly been precipitated a dozen

times, I dismounted, and left the horse to itself, which having gained its point of alarming its rider, trotted down the rough precipices with surprising correctness, and made the best of its way to Grindelwald, and, fortunately for me, got stopped about a mile from the village. I volunteered to escort the elder Mademoiselle L. on foot; but the father, perfectly unconscious of any danger, since he experienced none, rode on in advance, and the frightened beauties were obliged to follow; but they shortly got up a family emeute, resisted the paternal authority, dismounted, and made the guides lead the horses, whilst Pincher encumbered them with assistance.

The descent to Grindelwald is excessively fatiguing—in most places, difficult—and in some, owing to the swamp and the consequent slipperiness, dangerous; for the most sure-footed animal sometimes fails. The change of the scenery at every step, the cool breeze which rustles through the shaded forest, the rush of waters, and the requisite care of every footfall, leave but little inclination or time for that satisfactory growl which relieves the oppressed mind; neither can one help sinking into the unsentimentality of Pincher, although

the fresh mountain strawberry, and the nourishing cream, may have relieved the cravings of those who had not the benefit of a "sinking-case," when the inn at Grindelwald is first seen in the distance, and imagination pictures the delight of the refreshing ablutions, and the well-spread table.

We were on the glacier of Grindelwald, peeping into the dangerous caverns, and hearing the rush of the waters as they forced their way from different openings, and precipitated themselves from various heights, running, foaming, and bubbling in the channel below.

Experiments on ice are dangerous. Nothing can be imagined more helpless than a man on these hills of ice, although his Alpinestock steadies him a little. On nearing the glaciers there are the usual harpies on charity, and the useless guides to conduct you along a road as plainly indicated as the entrance to Hyde Park. I took a ragged urchin, whose eager young eyes were alive with expectation; he was not of the slightest use, but there was something in his goat-like activity and sure-footedness which was worth the few batzen he might receive; he sprang upon the "frozen hurricane," and was as little embarrassed as

on the land, giving me his hand and his strength—it was like a fly aiding an elephant —and yet it is marvellous what very little strength is required for that species of assistance; in vain I tried to scale one of the treacherous waves of this icy ocean—the boy ran up it, and down it, with facility and security—but my clumsy footsteps were, as the sailor remarked when walking upon very loose, deep sand, one foot a-head and two astern.

Amongst our party was a man whose life had been passed in India, and who had crept through jungles on foot, in pursuit of that dangerous sport—tigers; his eyes, although occasionally directed to the magnificent and sublime scenery around, still turned in furtive glances upon the bright sunny beauty which beamed on the face of one of the excited company. She seemed to reproach his inactivity, and praised the boy who skipped over these difficult undulations with all the unconcern of security.

The tiger-hunter's pride was aroused; he made an ineffectual attempt, but his boots being without nails, he no sooned advanced a little, than he glided back to the place from which he started; determined to be rewarded

by the bright expressive eyes of her, who, with all the feminine artifice of those whose hearts are fluttering, stood watching the failure; he took off his boots, and making a desperate run, succeeded in standing on the summit of the wave—there was a smile of exultation at the accomplishment, and the alpenstock steadied him on the insecure footing—but he had to return. Below him, at a small distance, yawned the deep cavern through which rushed the melted torrent of the glacier; and the first false step might prove fatal; for once on the decline, and descending, it was impossible to make the guarded steps, or to command the pace. The boy offered his hand, which was rejected, and with his light, sure step, the youngster ran down the slippery precipice, and stopped himself at the bottom with most evident facility.

What one can achieve, another may attempt with the prospect of success; but on making the first step the difficulty was evident, and the alpenstock was required to check the impetus; my friend was now on the declivity and the perilous position was ascertained from the exertion required to prevent falling; at last he felt himself beginning to slide,—un-

able to stop himself, he released the alpenstock, and, following the boy's example, ran down the slope; but having nothing on his feet to secure a hold on the ice, he was unable to stop, and pursued at a fearful rate his course to his inevitable death. My heart was in my mouth; there, but a few paces further, was the chasm, and once precipitated therein, the mighty current would have swept him through the narrow outlet of that mass of waters, and either smashed him against the cold sides, or suffocated him in its bubbling destruction.

What scenes have I not witnessed in my life—in sickness, war, or justice. In an execution, the mind is prepared for the event; and in that awful instrument, the guillotine, there is an involuntary shrinking into one's self, whilst there is that creeping fear, that indescribable half sickness, as the poor wretch is led to the fatal plank. In war, the fear of death is lost in the excitement; the mind is engaged in anything but thought; the noise—the bustle—the roar of artillery—the whizz of the shot—the commands given and to be obeyed—the necessity of action, and of rapid movements to insure success—all these, and a thousand more, veil, if they cannot obliterate,

the fear of death, and close the ears against the shrieks of the wounded.

In sickness, we become familiarized by the delay; if the victim is suddenly snatched away, the horror comes afterwards; and in the general slow decline, as Death stalks stealthily forward to his prey, each minute sees the patient calmer and calmer, until the awful stillness closes the scene; but here, within a few paces of me, and I unable to offer the slightest assistance—unable to move a step—tottering in my insecure footing like one in the decrepitude of age—I witnessed this apparently most inevitable and dreadful destruction.

My friend was obliged to use his arms as a balance, the alpenstock was waving aloft in his right hand, and the left arm kept the equilibrium—every step shortened the painful excitement, and he was well aware of his peril, for he had looked into the yawning gulf before he rashly followed the boy; he was now within three yards of the chasm—my eyes seemed hardly to fix him. I felt a chill, a sickness, a horror, I had never experienced; I knew the resolute bravery of the man—his resources in danger—his familiarity with

hair-breadth escapes—but here his feet were useless, except to hurry him to destruction; but he had made up his mind for the great difficulty; and when within three yards of the precipice, with both hands he plunged the alpenstock into the ice, and clinging to it as it split from the iron upwards, arrested his death within half a yard of it,—for he fell, as it were, over the stick.

There were tears in some eyes, there were beating hearts and blanched cheeks, and even the tongues clove to the palate, and were unable to speak. I took the hand of my future son-in-law, and with difficulty said, "Come—come away."

The comfortable inn of the Eagle, at Grindelwald, restored us to a calmer state of mind, and we could venture to recall the perilous position of our friend, and the fatal occurrence, in precisely a similar manner, which occurred to Mr. Mouron, a clergyman at Vevay, as related in Murray, and we turned our backs upon the pleasant pastures of Grindelwald, its ragged inhabitants, screaming children, and discordant yellers of the Ranz de Vaches—to see, as the sun declined, the splendid view afforded by the Valley of the Grindelwald.

Behind, in its snowy mantle, with daring head pushed to the skies, tinged now with the last rays of the sun, was the Peak of Tempests—the Wetterhorn—whilst its rival in greatness, the Schreckhorn, seemed to follow the carriage, so close did it appear in the pure clearness of the atmosphere, as we drove along the valley, following the stream of the black Lütschine.

Every traveller has his pet valley, and this is mine. Dark and sublime as is the Münsterthal, or free, fresh, and open, as is the Sementhal, where, strange as it may appear, I never saw or heard a bird; yet I prefer this narrow gorge, with all the savage expression of the mountains fringed to their base with pines, and echoing the bustling noise of the river. On the right are the five mountains which bear the name of the Hand; for these lofty peaks taper to heaven, like fingers, as if held to arrest the hurricane, which might disturb the calm repose of this secluded, beautiful valley. The whole is magnificently sublime; and yet, so little poetry or imagination is there in some minds, that I have seen a whole party enjoying the drive, by being fast aleep!

It grew gradually darker and darker, breath-

ing a "browner horror" over the scene. The bright moon and sparkling stars were reflected in the rapid river, notwithstanding its strange colour by daylight; the air came fresh and cool from the hills, and the mind, overpowered by the solitude and grandeur, took refuge in silence and meditation. The crossing the bridge which leads to the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, seems to awaken us to fresh beauties and fresh excitement; and well may it be said to "enter upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception." We passed the Böse Stein (the Evil Stone), which records a brother's murder, which I believe to be "a pure invention;" but as the *white* Lütschine fought its way through the obstruction of rocks and stones, and the moon's beams fell full upon the gloomy-looking records of crime, one of the party expressed a particular desire that, even at the expense of a little cruelty, the paces of the fatigued horses might be freshened.

But in spite of moon or stars—the gloomy horrors—the magnificent and sublime scenery — the calm and the change — there were minds in that carriage, which reverted to the scene on the Grindelwald glacier, and whose

gratitude for that miraculous delivery was poured out in earnest, silent prayer, and grateful thanksgivings to HIM, who had preserved to one a future husband, and to the others a gallant and affectionate son-in-law.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MER DE GLACE.

It is a pleasant excursion from Geneva to Chamounix; and the traveller who has left his cares behind him, and to a light heart adds a merry disposition, will jog along the road to Bonneville, with his eye frequently diverted by objects well worthy of remark.

Your vetturinos are not all Mostis, neither have they all his purse and liberality; and, sometimes, vetturino horses, in spite of the application of the passengers, or the hints of the whip, will move excessively slowly. What does it signify, if you are in health and spirits? The road of life, rugged or smooth, we all get over at a very sure pace; and the vetturino in Italy reminds you frequently that "chi va sano, va lontano," and acts up to the spirit of

the proverb—it would be as well for a vast number of us if we did the same.

We stopped at Bonneville to bait the horses, and to lighten the sinking-case; I left the bipeds and quadrupeds at their corn and wine, and crossing the bridge of the Arve, paid my respects to the statue of Carlo Felice, erected in honour of that man, who, if he could not restrain the torrent of public opinion, at any rate confined the rapid Arve within proper bounds, and prohibited its ravages. The road which turns to the left, after passing Carlo Felice, who looks uncommonly uncomfortable on his elevation of ninety-five feet, and by no means a beauty upon near examination, runs by the base of Mont Brezon, whilst on the left is the river, and beyond it the Mole, a conical-shaped excrescence, of the height of 5,800 feet.

On each side of the road are apple-trees, which bore an abundance of fruit. Even the modern Eve respects that which *she* is commanded not to touch, and barefooted mortals, who seem to lack every thing but beauty and a shift, keep their little hands from picking and stealing. It is very rare to find beauty, pauperism, rags, and honesty, combined.

There were two of these girls, about sixteen years of age, who, on seeing a stranger, came to look at the wild importation. I was very much struck with the change of countenance between these and the women of Geneva; here was the black Italian eye, the dark raven hair (very uncombed, and, perhaps, like Julian the Apostate's beard, numerously inhabited), there were the sharp features, unlike the round, unmeaning cretinism of the Swiss cantons, and there was more animation and grace; and although they were redolent of dirt from field labour, for here the country is highly cultivated, they were a pair of black-eyed, merry-looking masses of human dirt, as could be found. And what astonished me most, was the accurate pronunciation of the French they both talked; poor and pretty as they were, they neither solicited or seemed to expect alms.

Journeying carelessly, and bearing out Goldsmith, "Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, *slow*," I pursued my way. What could the poet mean by that word *slow?* for he was not travelling vetturino—and he who has an hour s start on foot, is very likely to walk four re the carriage overtakes him, and so I found it.

I passed those wretched apologies for villages, Vaugier and Scionzier, and turning suddenly to the right, ascended rather a steep hill, on the summit of which is a cross marked "Mission, 1845," but not offering the indulgences which that mission so liberally bestowed on other crosses. From this point the valley of the Arve is seen in all its beauty, with Cluses in the distance. To the right the mountain slopes are better wooded, and the torrents come rattling down, insignificant as falls, but rather voluminous and precipitate courses.

On I went, until I thought, in my absence of mind, I might have taken the wrong road; seeing an old woman, to whom age and wrinkles might have made the approach of any man a matter of indifference, without she had been one of those mentioned in Don Juan at the taking of Ismail, and lifting my hat, I ventured to ask my way; the old hag set up a scream, and bolted towards the river; if she had tumbled in, and cleared herself of her impurities, whilst she put the witches' barrier between us, no great harm would have been done to either party.

I pursued my course, having now walked

three hours, and no rumbling seemed to warn me that I was likely to be overtaken. I stopped to look up the dreary and solemn gorges to the right, then came to a road that forked off. There was no sign-post, the road to the left descended more into the valley, with Cluses evidently before it. The right one seemed equally to lead to this new and pretty village, with its industrious population, and appeared a new road.

It is said "in the *doubt*, if an action be good or bad, abstain from it;" and in the doubt if the road is the right, or the wrong, and with a carriage coming after you, sit down and philosophize. And so I did, and very luckily I did, for I should most assuredly have taken the old road, which leads to the lower part of the town. The carriage, when it picked me up, took the new road, which avoided the town, keeping close under the precipices, which seem half inclined to topple over into the road.

Crossing the stone bridge over the Arve, the road turns abruptly to the right, entering a deep valley which leads to Maglan—here, indeed, are grand Alpine precipices, and here, also, the mountains seem to push the traveller

nearer and nearer the river, the banks of which are well wooded, the whole offering a scene as beautiful as it is imposing and wild.

A pair of stockings on the young was now as great a rarity as shoes on negroes; the age of a woman could not be estimated by her hose; I remarked that, throughout the long walk, I did not see any woman under forty who had her legs covered; and, generally speaking, when this did occur, the material was excessively coarse. The men were all in tatters, again and again reminding the traveller, by the contrast, that in Protestant communities there is more emulation, that cleanliness is esteemed next to godliness, and that freedom of religion is as requisite for a real healthy, enterprising state, as freedom of mind and body for the contented citizen. Beards, and very dirty-looking beards, were generally worn, giving, if possible, a more neglected look to the whole animal.

I prefer the waterfall of Nant d'Arpenaz, which is the highest in Savoy, and in that respect its equal, to the Staubbach. It is, in my opinion, just as fine as the latter. Murray's description is not exaggerated: in one particular position the water seems lost entirely,

but towards the earth it again rejoins, after being separated, and rushes into the Arve. As the sun declines, "this silver-sheeted" waterfall is particularly beautiful; but a traveller gets so surfeited with waterfalls in Switzerland, where they seem to be bundling over heights at every step, that even this of Arpenaz would not detain Mr. Pincher from his dinner at St. Martin.

It was a little further onwards that the mountains to the right looked like a natural Colosseum, whilst, on the left, the peaks of the Varens, about 8000 feet, gave the idea of a throne for a Jupiter. It was carelessly remarked, that the whole circular enclosure, with the river in the centre, might be imagined to be the judgment-hall of man: in the poetic fancy a place was assigned for the Judge of Judges, the level on the mountain for the prisoners at trial, the steep precipice down which the condemned were to be hurled, and the Arve, turned into a boiling river, could sweep away the wicked to a place of endless tortures, lost to the sight, as the river seems, in the distance, to rush under the mountains.

It was a grand idea—the echoes would have borne the sentence in. a thousand reverberations round this magnificent and imposing

spot; and the shrieks of the damned might have awed the trembling millions and millions awaiting their condemnation. It is a wonder that no poet, driven wild by the majesty and grandeur of this scene, has never "urged his jaded Pegasus apace," and got up that "panoramic view of hell," which Byron said he had "in training."

Murray gives a graphic sketch of the beauties seen from the bridge of St. Martin, which is not overdrawn. I went there, and gazed at the monarch of mountains, on my way to Sallenche. It would do no great harm to several villages of Savoy if they met with the fate which occurred to this, on Good Friday, 1840. A servant girl was the Helen who fired this little Troy, and in place of dirty, miserable hamlets, some of which still remain to attest the former misery of the ancient village, a very tidy little town is starting into existence. I walked to the end of the single street, and came to an inscription, which recorded the conflagration. Some old crones pretended to grieve over that which made them more respectable, and, as they declared, it had ruined them, although they confessed the modern houses were the best; and, as I verily believed,

they told as many lies as would have placed them in an awkward position at the hall of condemnation above-mentioned. I gave them money enough to buy any priest to take off a "peck of purgatorial sins." I think they would have rejoiced in another burn, if they could find afterwards such greedy listeners, and such rewarders of the marvellous.

The next day I started to walk with my servant, Lowe, to Chamouny. The carriages of Geneva are not fit to face the mountain roads; and your female property—the fatter they are, the better—are jammed into a char-à-banc, to go through the most magnificent game of human pitch-and-toss that can well be imagined. I felt no inclination to be bundled "from pillar to post," now and then pitched head-foremost on the stomach of my vis-a-vis, on finding the end of a parasol jammed into my throat, or in the roll of the uneasy conveyance be in an eternal apprehension of an upset with a fat personage on the top of you—no man has ever the luck to be uppermost.

I was upset three times in one day in a sledge in Russia, and had my travelling-companion on top of me every time; and as a lady upset is not solicitous to remain in that posi-

tion, they seldom consider the person underneath, but tread on his face, kick his eyes, jam his nose—anything to escape themselves.

I started early from St. Martin, in order to arrive at Chêde, to see the "fine cascade, with the beautiful iris that plays over it." I do not think Pincher would have turned his head round, and certainly not his body, to have looked at it; but there is nothing like an object, to keep up the spirits of the weary.

The first part of the road along the "drained lake basin"-appearance of the cave was easy and monotonous enough; the morning air and the cool breeze braced us up, and we went, alpenstock in hand, and pouch over the shoulder, merrily enough; but we soon became aware that Macadam had never been employed in these parts, and we began to ascend about as rugged and as tortuous a road, here and there wet and slippery, at other parts rocky and rutty, as experimental philosophers, after morning happiness, might desire.

We soon perceived our labour was not in vain, for we came to a cross, on which it was inscribed, that whoever would say an Ave and a Pater, should have forty days' indulgence; and as this was by far too good an opportu-

nity to lose, I said an Ave and a Pater, and did as much for the next cross, by which, as it did not say Protestants were excluded from the benefit, I booked up eighty days' indulgence, and went on in high spirits to the Lac de Chêde, in which even still, in spite of the "*debacle* of black mud and stones," the "summit of Mont Blanc, towering over the lower range of mountains, *is* reflected." This debacle certainly did mischief, and considerably dammed up one most glorious work of the Almighty, in which the highest mountain in Europe was seen, and seen to great advantage. This multiplying mirror is now confined to one corner, where the water is clear; but it exists still, and is well worth the few steps from the road-side to examine it.

Since Murray's book appeared, a razzia must have taken place amongst the beggars, for I scarcely met one: perhaps when the lake lost its enchantment, the beggars lost their avocation; and from this point, although there were capital spots to dart upon the unwary, and rugged roads, and difficulties, and places where the wearied reposed, not a soul solicited alms. I looked at the inn of Servez, from the window of which peeped a round-faced, buxom young

maid, who thought her charms irresistible, even if the kitchen was despised; but we were far too fresh for resting, and we journeyed onwards, crossing the torrent of the Dioza, and admiring Pont Pelissier, we began about as stony, steep, and rugged an ascent as could be imagined a road in a civilized country. Often I stopped to fancy the dismay of my party when they came to this apparently-impracticable pass; but as the difficulty was surmounted every day, I concluded that, without they were all milk, and turned to butter by the shaking, they would get safe to Chamouny.

We met, as we ascended Les Montets, a happy English family, who had *done* Chamouny, and who were walking down; the char-à-banc followed, and the motion of a boat in a short rolling sea was repose to the bangs, pitches, dives, plunges, and rolls of this conveyance: whatever had been left on the seats had long since been turned out—the driver took no pains to select the best road, but he drove at a rock, which would have made a respectable milestone, as unconcernedly as if these eternal jolts rather benefited than injured the char. The elderly gentleman, supported by two very pretty daughters, kept

looking back at the heavings of his refuge, and seemed much afraid that he stood no chance of ever seeing a vehicle again until he reached Servez.

It was a terrific steep ascent on foot, the road forming a kind of elongated steps, which had been built to resist the mountain torrents, and to allow them to pass over a certain stoned passage, not to ruin the road, which they formerly did.

Our next meeting was with an American gentleman, walking from Chamouny to St. Martin, and in a most profuse perspiration; his head—he carried his hat in his hand—seemed surrounded by a halo of flies, which in vain he attempted, by means of the fashionable mop, to drive away; as the handkerchief approached, they seemed to open the cordon and rejoined in the circle, buzzing and biting pretty loudly and vigorously—he did not smell more like carrion than the driver of the elderly gentleman's char; but the elderly gentleman had his bald head looking white and shiny, clean and unmolested, and the other, his bushy skull with flies apparently shooting from every hair, like drops of water from a well-turned mop.

I saluted my fly friend, and he returned it —both of us seemed inclined to stop and to talk—it was a cowardly way of taking a rest—a kind of compromise between civility and desire. I asked him if he had come from Chamouny.

"I expect I have," he said; "and have been slipping and tumbling about like a bad skater—as I thought I could not have too much of a good thing, I walked over the glacier of Bossons—tarnation take the flies! I wonder if they take me for a tub of molasses, or a walking hunch of putrified meat? You're British, I expect? (I nodded assent.) Well, then, before you get to Chamouny,—I guess you're going there — eh? you had better make a long job of it—cross the glacier and have done with it—" he set to work to mop and to disturb the flies, and then said: "I expect sitting here won't get me along the road —so, farewell, stranger!" and away he went, taking his provision of flies along with him.

Up we went, eternally mounting—the day was fearfully hot, which the thousand torrents could not cool, and I was making but slow work of it—there was a cross ahead, I calculated upon more indulgences, and whilst keeping my eye fixed upon this, out popped an old

man, as ragged as Lazarus, and with a dress, which my witty companion called a puzzle, hinting, that once out of them, he would be much embarrassed to get his legs and arms through the right holes. I started back, for the old man seemed to have sprung out almost upon me—but he reassurred me, by stating that he had come to congratulate me on having arrived at the summit of the hill, on which point the cross is built. I most willingly paid the price of the beggar's information, and got forty days' more indulgence. I was quite set up now with three months of this article, and that was enough for one day—so, my Ave and Pater finished, I began to look at the Monarch of Mountains, and to question myself as to my feelings.

I was all alive, not the least fatigued, quite enraptured with the view, and altogether improved in health and spirits; so I began the descent, which was nearly as bad as the ascent; and enticing as were the Glaciers of Taconey and Bossons, the eye was required to guide the step, for never was there such an infernal road, and where sprained ancles seemed tagious and infectious.

t last we got into some meadows, having

crossed torrents by dozens, and we established ourselves in the small inn at Les Ouches, in a clean, cool room, and called lustily for the British Lion's animal sustenance—*Beer*. It was all drunk—there was more expected, to be sure—but it might be a month before it arrived — so we had a small sinking-case, in the shape of a leathern bottle, filled with brandy; we called for some cakes and water, and gradually cooled into consistency.

The landlady was rich in stores of anecdotes concerning the summit of Mont Blanc—to which her husband was the guide—oh, he had avoided death from a thousand avalanches! and his companions had been lost in the snow. She got up such a catalogue of horrors, that had Albert Smith been present, he would have owned the folly of his ways, and kept himself distant from the scene of his renown, in order to have avoided the allurements of further glory in a second ascent.

We were obliged to cut short the garrulous dame by payment, and again shouldering the alpenstock, made our way to the hamlet of Bossons; here we found a lively youth, who enacted guide, and led us through the wood, up a toilsome and tortuous ascent, to the

glacier, so celebrated for its intrusion into the valley, and for the purity of its ice.

There sat a young woman near the edge of the glacier, who came forward and seized my foot as if it belonged to her; it was no use arguing the subject, for she was in possession, —and there was no means of ejectment—she fastened on a pair of crampons. It was quite in vain I declared I had nails in my shoes as sharp and nearly as long as the irons in her crampons; in a playful manner, she told me to hold my tongue and hold out my feet, and I was soon equipped for the walk on the ice.

Travellers turn up their Pincher noses at the liberty taken by these people—but what a civil, obliging, kind people they are! When I was on the glacier, I became fully aware of the benefit of the crampons; I walked over the undulated surface in perfect security — and no one can form an idea of his helplessness on such ice, as he who has clambered up the slightest declivity and has to come down again.

I remember seeing on the Mer de Glace, near the Montauvert, an elderly gentleman, who, in his apprehension of danger, had sat down, and who could not get up again; I

never saw any octogenarian in so ridiculous, and yet so perilous a position—for had not a kind hand been near, I am convinced he never could have got on his legs again. With the crampons all danger is set at defiance—you may approach a chasm without fear of slipping into it, and you may walk over some of the smaller risings of the ice without apprehension.

What a strange scene it is! and how wonderful to see the glacier forced into the valley, maintaining its frozen purity, whilst by its side the sun darts its scorching rays, and the thermometer ranges at eighty-six to ninety. Year after year this tremendous mass is forced forward, replacing what has melted—and for years and years, and ages after ages, will this remain the same. It is curious to walk between the lofty pinnacles of this almost transparent substance, and there, free from the slightest danger, see above you a mountain of this ice. How raised, how formed, baffles speculations—we have theories by thousands—we have the learned who give their ideas upon this subject—but stand between these mountain ridges, and see how tranquil is all around, save when the cold breeze whistles through these icy valleys, and forms no rising frozen

wave. The more you ponder on the mighty mass of ice—its fantastic shapes, its calmness, and its apparent unchangeableness—the more you "wonder how the devil it got there!" That as long as the world lasts it will remain, is more than probable; but when it first originated no one can venture to say.

Whilst the river rushes beneath this massy surface, still that surface seems never to melt, in spite of the perpendicular rays of a scorching sun; for he who walks across this glacier, will be sensible enough that the sun loses not its power upon him, however hard and congealed may be the ice upon which he stands—and looking up the Mer de Glace, and seeing this "frozen hurricane," calculating its immense distance, the enormous quantity, the imperishable masses, the traveller is lost in wonder and amazement.

Firm in my footing, assisted by the crampons, the purchase of which was two francs, and the hire one, I crossed this glacier, and descending about as uncomfortable a precipitous road as the half-wearied traveller could encounter, without a malediction, I struck across a field, gained the road, and at half-past six o'clock, having walked, without

any intermission, but the twenty minutes at Les Ouches, for eight hours and a half, I found my party safely arrived, without any dislocated limbs, although they admitted that fearing such a catastrophe from the desperate condition of Les Montets, they had walked up that precipice, aided, comforted, and refreshed by the contents of the "sinking-case" —and, after all, that sinking-case was no unwelcome companion; but the bore of carrying it, somewhat lightened its charms.

It is a very amusing sight to see the various parties starting for their sight-seeing—there is scarcely one young lady who is not provided with a small journal, into which are popped all the impressions of the moment; and I confess, I was rather startled at the accuracy of memory of one young lady, who seemed to have remembered every word addressed to her by her companion, much more than the strange and exciting views, narrow roads and ways projecting over precipices, which one false step would have rendered fatal, and which seemed from the journal to have been entirely overlooked, whilst the gathering of a mountain strawberry had been recorded.

Not so another enterprising little girl, who

had visited the source of the Arveron; she had traversed the meadows hemmed in by the mountains, crossed the small forest, and scrambled over the Mer de Glace, until she arrived at the arch of ice, the height of which varies at different seasons.

Her description of this cavern, from which the Averon flows, was graphically and beautifully written. In spite of the remonstrance of one of the little villagers who had accompanied her and her governess, she had entered the icy cavern, through which, and not *from* which, alone, comes the Averon; she had with her a little dog, which seemed as inquisitive as her young, sprightly, pretty mistress; the boy kept saying, "no further, no further," and like a prudent general, "stood afar off;" but the water hissed and bubbled below, the drops fell from the arch above, and the governess seemed more intent upon saving her dress than heeding the warning cry of the guide—another step further, and the dog, as if defying the danger, and placing himself as the protector of his mistress, advanced a little further still. It was but a few steps, and then the faithful guardian looked back, as much as to say, "there is no danger, you

may advance;" but scarcely had the poor brute indicated such security, than a mass of ice was disengaged from the arch, and crushed the animal; the young lady having about as fortunate an escape, with only a fright, as could be imagined. Even the governess forgot her bonnet and her dress, and rushed forward to draw back her neglected charge.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE RIGHI.

TRAVELLERS in Switzerland meet occasionally with very disagreeable accidents—late in the season of 1853, a young friend of mine ascended the Righi, with his servant; there was not the least necessity of sending forward to secure a bed at the Rigi-culm inn, for the busy stream of travellers had long since either crossed into Italy, or retraced their steps to France; there was no occasion for a guide, for it would require a man to be blind to lose his way.

Not a soul but the host and one servant was in the hotel; it was five o'clock in the evening, and the enthusiastic tourist, whilst necessary nourishment, dinner, was preparing, amused himself with surveying from his

isolated mountain, some of the most beautiful scenery of Switzerland; it allows an uninterrupted view from it on all sides, and converts it into a natural observatory, commanding a panorama hardly to be equalled in extent and grandeur amongst the Alps.

It is a very exciting trip to the summit of the Righi, and is in itself, from its verdant pastures at its top, and its belt of forest below, as Mr. Pincher observed, in his usual unsentimental manner, "like a man's head in a green cap, with a collar round his neck." I never met with so unsentimental a man as Pincher; he had not a grain of poetry in his composition, and the finest and most magnificent scenery never impressed him with any simile beyond a sugared cake, or a booby's noddle.

Far away from the cares and turmoil of the world, my young friend, lost in the beauty of the scenery, let the minutes fly past; the sun had already dipped beneath a distant mountain, and tinged the tips of others with that singularly golden hue which all the painters of creation could never imitate on canvas, whilst above, the clouds looked red and fiery, which

generally indicates the approach of a gale—the wind came cool and bracing over the mountains, and the chill awakened him from his comfortable rapture into which the magnificence of the scenery had lulled him; he turned towards the inn, and was rather startled by seeing a young, handsome, well-dressed man by his side; if it had been a woman, my gallant friend would have saluted her with the expressions of the utmost welcome; but it was a man and a foreigner, and all the chilling retirement of a London gentleman, unwilling to form an acquaintance before being well assured of the respectability, suggested but a noble inclination of the head, to the easy, affable salute of the stranger.

The coldness made not the slightest difference in the light, easy stranger; he had been accustomed to that, wherever he had met an Englishman.

"With your permission," he said, "I propose to myself the honour of sharing your dinner, to which I have been enabled to make some addition; our host is but scantily supplied, as the stream of his usually visitors has passed."

My friend immediately acquiesced; there

was a manner about the stranger which overcame all fashionable scruples; he was a Frenchman, a natural actor in life's great theatre; perfectly at his ease, whatever rôle he undertook, and moreover was well *got up*, as a traveller; the everlasting gold chain in the waistcoat button-hole not being omitted. I remember Miss Okey, the talented girl—for she was only sixteen when she wrote her "impressions" on the French—remarking one day, that any Frenchman in polished boots, and with yellow gloves, might be mistaken for a gentleman, so well did they act the part of life.

"Have you long arrived?" asked my friend, who, fortunately for the English character, did not remark that it "was a fine evening,"—"for I did not notice any traveller ascending, as I passed the convent of Maria Zum Schnee."

"I came from Arth," replied the stranger, "by Goldau; and perhaps the deep gully which shades the traveller from the evening sun, shut me out from your sight. How cold the air feels, and yet, chilled as I am, after my walk, I could gaze on this scenery for hours —what a magnificent spot to take a last farewell of life!"

"It appears to me so lovely, as to make one wish to live."

"Live! what is life, but the same eternal round of the same eternal hopes and fears? Well may Voltaire have asked, '*What* am I? *Why* am I?'"

"Life has plenty of charms for me, in its eternal novelty. Here is a scene I never saw before, or ever fancied could exist; I can dwell on the remembrance of even this, and wish to live to recollect it; my young mind is not so crowded with images as to wish to exclude this."

"I am not much older than yourself," replied the stranger; "but I have gone through strange scenes of affluence and poverty, and really I cannot see why a man should live."

"If it is even and only to eat dinner, when one is so preciously hungry as I am now, it is worth preserving; but this beautiful, this magnificent view—the cool fresh evening air, the fading tints as the sun retires, surely this must animate every man with a certain vitality which the dull world below can scarcely offer."

"Your life is yet in its spring—mine in its winter."

"Why, you cannot yet be twenty-five?"

"Your great poet says, 'There are men who are old in their youths.' I see our host making signs, let us go to that for which you value life."

"Not alone for that reason, my friend; but who can deny the excessive pleasure of a long draught to a thirsty soul?"

"That is the draught I most covet."

A kind of familiarity had sprung up between the speakers, and at dinner the conversation turned upon London and Paris. The Frenchman was lively and witty, and with exquisite taste ridiculed some of the absurdities of both countries; he was full of anecdote relative to the men of the present day in France, and from his keen satire upon them, it was evident he was not numbered amongst those to receive imperial benefits. After dinner, the stranger agreed to fall into the English fashion, and to partake of a bottle of wine, which went under the denomination of champagne, a Swiss production, but by no means indifferent. My friend could not help being struck with the earnest manner in which the stranger scemed to watch the bubbles as they disappeared from the surface. In good

champagne the bubbles vanish quickly, in bad they linger longer.

"Such is life," said the stranger, "a mere bubble upon the champagne of time; it comes, and as quickly it flies, and when gone, who regrets it? the better it is, the quicker it goes, and then the rest is stale and vapid; do you smoke?"

"Not yet," resumed my friend; "it is a fashion which I presume I must acquire, although I confess I cannot see the enjoyment of it."

"It soothes at times, and when melancholy, it excites; I like it for the last quality."

"Why, surely, you are seldom melancholy?"

The stranger looked my friend full in the face, as if to read if the remark was true or feigned, and then taking an allumette case from his pocket, and carefully selecting the best cigar, which he did with great caution, he remarked, "I have kept the best for the last;" which, as there were many more in the case, did not lead my friend to estimate the value of the remark.

"It is too cold for you," he remarked, "and the fire burns brightly. You can amuse yourself philosophizing over the sparks, which glit-

ter for a moment, and then die;" saying which, he took his hat, shut the door, and lighting his cigar, walked to the spot where he had first accosted my friend; the latter, fatigued with his day's walk, gently fell into the pleasant doze.

He had not long enjoyed this soothing slumber, before he was awakened by the report of a pistol, and the consequent movement in the house. My friend's servant thought the inn was attacked, and came to look after his master; so did the host, who finding one of his tenants absent, went in search of him, but returned susuccessful.

The night was dark, and the summit of the Righi sparkled with lights—each man called ——no one knew the name of the absent. He had come unattended, his luggage might have been carried by a child of six years old. At last, after a long search, the body—the corpse of the young man was found, and my friend, whose time was valuable, found himself in an awkward fix, as the Americans say; he was the only man who had talked to him, who had dined with him, and upon this very spot had met him; there was not a scrap of paper or a mark on his linen, or any one thing to

indicate his name or address—he had ascended the Righi for the purpose of committing suicide, and seemed resolved, however much trouble he might give the police, his friends should be spared the announcement of his unchristian death.

It required a good deal of persuasion to get the police to liberate my friend, as he alone could give any evidence as to the dead man; and in rummaging his memory a few of the expressions before related seemed to bear upon the intention, and thus liberated others from all suspicion. My friend told me he came down the Righi much quicker than he went up; and that, for the future, when he went to see sights, he should take care not to go too late in the season.

There was a melancholy accident indeed, far worse than this, where the suicide died instantly, which occurred at Naples when I was there. Some Germans of good family had toiled to the summit of Mount Vesuvius, and after resting themselves on that sulphureous bed, they descended the steep incline to the mouth of the crater—there was little smoke that day, and the scientific gentlemen began to get into danger without being aware

of it. The guides, having had quite enough of soft ashes, and hard work in the ascent, sat down on the upper rim of the crater, not feeling at all inclined for more exertion. So many people had gone to peep into this chimney of the infernal regions, day after day, without an accident, that these lazy guides preferred some sour wine, and a slice or two of lemon sprinkled over with salt, a very common comestable amongst the lower orders of Neapolitans, and a little siesta, to looking after the souls and bodies of those entrusted to them.

One of the most adventurous of the Germans, finding he could bear the little sulphur which seemed emitted from the crater, resolved to penetrate further; but scarcely had he placed his foot upon an apparently solid projection, than the whole crumbled beneath him, and he was precipitated at least one hundred feet.

The interior of the crater seems as soft as the exterior, for the first words heard from the unfortunate man, were that "he was not hurt." In vain he tried to extricate himself, whatever he grasped, mouldered in his grasp; he could not regain his feet—of this his com-

panions above were informed: they seemed to have become more stupified than the unfortunate victim; for instead of dispatching the guides to the Observatory or the Hermitage for ropes, or assistance of some kind, they stood listening to their friend below, who gave them the idea of going elsewhere, than where they remained useless and spell-bound.

There is everything at Naples but what is required; and at the Observatory, although ropes must always be in request, and, at least, a precautionary utility—yet none could be obtained either there or at the Hermitage; and the guides were obliged to go to Resina for that which ought always to be at hand.

In the meantime the sulphur began to operate upon the poor fellow in the crater, and he felt himself gradually sinking, not only in strength, but in position; with a wonderful self-command he took leave of his friends, being perfectly certain he could not survive the natural dilatory delay of Neapolitans. For two long hours did he survive, when his voice got feebler and feebler—perhaps, as he, by slow degrees, slid deeper into the crater, hope gradually vanished—until the voice was entirely lost. An occasional groan was heard, until

after the expiration of the above time—then all was silent. The body was, many hours after, rescued by a guide, who descended two hundred feet before he found it; of course, it was perfectly lifeless—the sulphur had suffocated the poor fellow.

How often we find these rash people, that no prudence can restrain, and who delight in this foolish defiance of danger. In a late ascent of Mont Blanc, one hardy Scotchman refused to be fastened to the rope which linked the many in one common assistance; he was so nearly lost, that prudence suggested what confidence had disdained; but had he been lost, two or three others might have shared the same fate in endeavouring to give some assistance—for in the most trying danger there is always the generosity to risk a great deal to save a little—and no one, if he is ass enough to peril his own life, either from temerity or curiosity, has a right to burthen his friend with the obligation of assistance.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE ROAD.

I CONFESS I was not sorry when I had *done* Chamouny, the Mer de Glace, and all the surrounding views—excepting the Jardin and the Monarch of Mounts. After leaving Sierre, Tortomagne, and Brieg, and having walked to Biresol — Murray erroneously calls this a homely tavern—which is on the Simplon, I found myself with my household goddesses near a cheerful fire, and quaffing by no means an indifferent wine.

It poured with rain, which was snow higher up; the keen, damp wind came whistling through the crevices, and we all experienced a premonitory shivering, as we thought of the cold bridge which unites the two parts of the

inn—underneath which the road runs—and over which leads to the sleeping apartments.

We had been grilled at Chamounix and Geneva, and here we were with winter's most unpromising aspect; how cheerfully the fire blazed, and, in spite of the greater difficulty the snow and the gale might add to our journey, the howl of the wind as it rushed down the mountain's side, and the pattering of the rain as it beat against the windows, the whole making a roar equal to the waterfall of Tortomagne, which we had visited in the morning, gave us a kind of sea-side English welcome, not at all disagreeable.

Throughout the night the house shook in the violence of the squalls, and altogether, I presume, this entertainment of the elements—which the landlord remarked, seemed congenial to our feelings—contributed to swell our bill; which was the highest we paid on the whole route. I would not detract from the merits of the cuisine, or the wine; but if the landlord could alter his *addition* into subtraction, it would be more honest in him, and more agreeable to travellers. The inn—by no means a bad one—is admirably placed for fleecing victims; it looks comfortable, and it

is comfortable; and when the sun has set, and the mist rises thick from the gorges—when the snow is on the mountain, and the rain in the valley—the traveller prefers the extortion to pursuing his way to Isella in the dark, with all the dangers and difficulties of the descent.

Wishing the landlord a long life and a shorter bill—he is a Frenchman from Dijon, and sits in his mountain court, from which there is no appeal—I left his hotel at day-break, on the 13th October, and leaving Mosti to take care of the ladies and his carriage, began my walk to the Hospice. The morning was beautifully fine. My first impression was of excessive insignificance; then crept over me the awe and admiration of the splendid scene around me, above me, and below me. I was alone in this vast world—I did not see or hear a bird—and my own footstep alone relieved the silence, saving that of the cataract's roar; below me the morning mist shut out the bottom of the valley—above me was the vast mountain, leaving imagination to picture it of greater height, as it was capped in the clouds; behind me was the Mer de Glace, the peaks of Aletsh, sparkling in the early sun-rise, with the Bernese Alps bounding the

Vallais; and far, far away—for there the view was clear—could be distinguished Brieg, Tortomagne and Sierre, whilst every step changed the wild scenery, as the eye gazed over the yawning precipices below.

As I had advanced to above the fourth refuge, I halted for about five minutes, to witness the most extraordinary scene which had yet occurred to me in my Alpine rambles. The mist rose up from the gulf below; from above, the clouds seemed to descend, both meeting a little below me, but leaving one circular space like the field glass of a telescope, perfectly clear; and in this space was the Mer de Glace, with the sunbeams now full upon it, and with "the glittering white peak of the Breithorn" in the clearness of the misty circle, not another object was visible—the thick cloud shut out even the opposite side of the valley; but looking, as it might be said, through Nature's telescope, this distant bright scene seemed more a vision than a reality. As the clouds slowly rolled along, still keeping this small circle free, the Aletsch-hörner and Viescher-hörner appeared to move from the sight, as the clouds closed, and left me toiling over the Simplon, not one object twenty yards

distant was visible; what was visible was a desolation—even the pine no longer struck its hardy root into the scanty soil, no flower cheered the eye, the wind came howling over the mountain top, sweeping the snow along the narrow gulleys.

It was no use taking shelter in a gallery, over which the torrents roared and tumbled into the valley below. These glacier galleries, as they are called, were constructed to save the road as well as to protect the traveller; they serve as bridges and aqueducts, the torrent occasionally rushing over or beneath them; and the sensation is strange in these long, damp, arched enclosures, as a huge waterfall rushes over the carriage, and is seen through the arch to precipitate itself into the gorge of Schalbet.

It was a dreary, wretched walk I had undertaken; the wind was cold and piercing; the thin sleet had changed into heavy snow; the road was covered more than ancle deep, and increasing in depth every step, as the thick flakes came down so profusely, that not ten yards could be seen in advance; and where it had drifted in the strong breeze, by the sides, it measured five feet eight in depth; it came

exactly to my neck. There was no prospect of its getting better; but there was a grandeur and magnificence in the harsh howl of the wind, as it came rushing, in all its impetuosity, through the slopes of the mountains, not at all discordant to my feelings. I love these roars of the elements!

I collected a heap of snow, and placed it on the centre of the road, in order to let the carriage party know I had escaped freezing so far; and on the side of the road where the snow was hardest, I cut out my initials. But it was all a desolation—I could not see the glacier, nor the wild and noble scene which was around me; and so turbulent was the wind, that even the roar of the cataract could not be distinguished, excepting when a momentary lull was like drawing breath, to renew the blast.

Well protected about the feet, I cared little for the snow beneath me; and accustomed from my youth to the snow storms of America and Moscow—to the cold of all climates, and the gale of every sea—I set the weather, bad as it was, at defiance, and toiled up this wonderful effort of human perseverance, *the road*—very much as the midshipman remarked of

his efforts in the loose sand, "one foot a-head and two astern." I was now a walking icicle, and resembled the Russian horses in winter, kinds of frozen waterfalls; not a sound could be heard but that of the wind, and it was with much difficulty and great chance I saw the crucifix of the golden Christ, which marks the summit of the pass.

It had taken exactly two hours and thirty-five minutes to reach this spot, and what a remuneration is there for the true believer when his labour is done? here for an Ave and a Paternoster is a *plenary* indulgence; and although I could not claim the right of those who hold the Pope supreme, I was determined to take my chance—no man should ever throw a chance away. I *did* my ave and pater, and took due note, that as it was not absolutely mentioned the necessity of being a Catholic, I had some claim to the remuneration.

The mist was now as thick as the most solitary temper could desire, and at 6578 feet above the level of the sea. One might as well have been that depth below it, as far as the view was concerned.

My ave done, I resumed my walk, and I

was soon convinced that I was on the level, for I had been previously eternally slipping backwards. The snow was now very deep; and as I had selfishly surmounted the difficulties, and rubbed the icicles off the rim of my hat, I began to think how the carriage, with its enormous burden, was ever to get up, with the road in such a state; a day or two later would have stopped the progress altogether. I almost gallantly resolved to retrace my steps; but then I had all confidence in Mosti, and I had seen, before starting, a file of horses, enough to have removed a locomotive, on a truck, up the Boulevard Montmartre in Paris, to effect which, eighteen horses are generally attached. "The better part of valour is, decidedly, discretion." I went onwards with a merry step towards the hospice, which is about half a mile from this cross, which, N.B., Murray calls, a "simple cross of wood."

The snow seemed determined to hammer my eyes in, and it was like pulling a boat against a strong current—my steps against the wind, the tips of my ears were cold enough, and as for the nose, it was of no use for what it was ordained; but what with the hope of getting some shelter, and what with

rubbing up my courage with the fag ends of poetical philosophy, I got on so well, that I was only awakened to my position by finding a huge dog run by me, and fix himself right before me. Heavens! what a mouth it had! and such a set of teeth!—but he wagged his tail, and said, as clearly as the most dogmatical could say: "You have passed the Hospice;" it looked wistfully in my face, as much as to say, "Do you understand me?"

Startled at first—for I had not seen the animal until it actually touched me—I stopped, for the thickness of the mist may be well conjectured, since, keeping a bright look-out, I had passed the Hospice, that huge building, which certainly does not stand fifty feet from the road.

I soon recognized that peculiar look which every good-natured dog and man wears in his countenance. I resolved to see what the animal would do if I determined to go on; so I advanced, but the dog stood right across me, then turned to the left, went a foot or two—and then returned; and as I showed some determination to turn to the right, which led to the precipice, the dog took hold of my coat, and held it firmly—all the time looking

the most persuasive eloquence—and as I patted it, there was the most winning expression I ever beheld in an animal; suddenly it released me—and the whole face was one of attention and animation—the ears stood up, and it was evident some noise had reached the dog which I never should have heard, as my hat was jammed down as if I had been bonneted.

Again he took my coat, and I turned the way I was invited to go; he led me back, cutting across a deeper snow, and of a sudden I found myself at the steps of the Hospice; the dog instantly left me and ran to stop the carriage, for it was that the attentive creature had heard, and in a few minutes we were all within that hospitable abode; but we did not forget the dog, the sinking-case very shortly was emptied, and the only gratitude we could express—and which seemed greedily appreciated—was lavishly bestowed; we all fell in love with the dog, and he certainly would have had an inside place to Naples, if we had not remembered that in such times and inclement seasons his post was on the road; and there we found it, when we prepared to descend into the fertile valley of Italy.

It required some time to adjust the wooden shoe, which was almost as large as a canoe, and to get two of the horses fastened behind, in order to check the descent—for, with a carriage laden like this, the descent was infinitely more dangerous than the ascent, some of the turns on the Italian side of the Simplon being very steep and sudden.

The dog seemed to know it was all right, and wagged his tail, in acknowledgment of the pats and endearing expression made in half-a-dozen languages; wishing us a good voyage, and removing from the centre of the road. It had no bell to ring as a parting peal; but I am convinced, from its manner, it felt its watchfulness thankfully and gratefully acknowledged. As our lumbering vehicle moved on, the dog stood in the middle of the road, and, I have no doubt, there remained until the mist cleared away, and left the traveller his own sight and intelligence to guide him.

Miss Frederika Bremer has published long letters, calling on all the women of the universe to unite in the great work of Christian charity for the alleviation of the woes of mankind. I humbly suggest that money would not be uncharitably bestowed, if every village,

town, or city, to which the wonderful road of the Simplon leads, were annually to collect a small sum to finish this excellent shelter on the dreary mountain's summit, and render it possible for these exemplary and charitable people, brothers of the Augustine order, to extend their protection to wearied horses, as well as to fainting mortals.

It is gilding refined gold to speak of the civility and attention, kindness and charity, of these exemplary men—who, amounting only to four in number, devote their lives to charity, hospitality, and protection; nor should any traveller, if he avails himself of the welcome or not, pass that hospice, founded and maintained for the good of all people of all nations, without contributing to its support. There are many who pass it in fine weather, and who, thrusting their niggard claws into their pockets, say—"Why should I pay for what I do not want?" If the bright angel, whose work it is to record in the great book of heaven the good deeds of the charitable, should overhear the expression—it is but Christian charity to hope, that more favour may be extended to the selfish creature, than the poor, miserable, narrow-minded blot of human nature would extend to

others. The drags arranged, the horses scientifically attached to draw or to stop, Mosti mounted his box, and we began at a trot, but a very slow one, the descent; and as we declined, the mists rose and cleared away, so as again to give us a sight of those beauties of nature which had been so cautiously shut from us.

The snow had not fallen so severely on the Italian side, and we soon lost it altogether; we passed the miserable inn of the Poste at Sempione, without hazarding a poisonous reception; and turning and twisting down this wonderful road, which beyond the Sempione becomes rapid in its descent, we came in sight of the Doveria river, which was hurrying to its destiny like a boisterous boy in the roar he creates.

The Gallery of Algaby looked like a tunnel of a railway, and we dashed into it, the horses having little to do but move their legs; and after our circumscribed view, we emerged into the Gorge of Gondo, which bids defiance to the most eminent of artists in the faintest manner to pourtray. It looks more the work of art than nature, as if the slate mountains had been cut by human hands, so smooth and per-

pendicular are they—and scarcely a tree or a shrub of that hardy race, the pine, which strikes its roots into rocks, varies the scene.

This gorge is justly called "one of the grandest and most savage of the Alps"—there appears scarcely room for the road which skirts the river, so close, high, and overtopping are the mountains; some projecting mass seems on the point of disengaging itself to crush the traveller, and as the valley exhibits huge blocks which have tumbled in a rocky avalanche before; the view also of others already toppling, and awaiting but a breath to hurl them below, excites the liveliest fear; even Mosti, who had travelled the road until the majesty of the view had become familiar, and lost its charm, turned his black eyes aloft, and pointed with his whip to the threatening destruction—muttered a deep "Cospetto," and drove faster, and somehow I rather fancied that by crossing the Ponte Alto which spans the Doveria, I should escape the danger; although, if there be danger,—and that there is, the stream half stopped by the vast shattered fragments and ruin from above attests—you merely change the chance by crossing the river, which leaps, and foams, and bursts through the apertures

still left for its course, for as much has fallen from one side as from the other.

But look beyond, at the roaring waterfall of the Frascinnone, close to the mouth of the Gallery of Gondo, the longest and the most difficult of all these works of art in the Simplon—the cataract above seems powerful enough to wash away the rocks on which it falls, whilst the whole surrounding view is of such grandeur and magnificence, that former scenes seem at once obliterated from the memory, and this becomes stamped upon the recollection, which no other in Europe could efface, and from which it is difficult to withdraw the eye, or the person.

Mosti, with the everlasting cigar, seemed puffing away at the calumet of indifference, and to our expression of delights, warned us of the custom-house of Isella, and the probable late hour of our reaching Domo d'Ossola; but we were somewhat too enthusiastic to baulk our labours, and the puffs came quicker, as our admiration was expressed—still we slowly progressed through zig-zags and roads destroyed by avalanches, over which not even the impatient Jehu could trot. We at last passed the miserable village of Gondo,

which is not worth the while even to turn the head, excepting to look at the tall ugly-looking building, seven stories in height, and having the historical satisfaction of having been built for travellers; nor was it an useless offering of the charitable Stockalpen of Brieg —for avalanches, rocky and icy, have fallen— the snow-drifts have almost filled up the valley at various intervals of time, and the desolation which is even now seen in this Gorge of Gondo, reminds the passenger that it is but a few short years since any refuge, any shelter for the homeless and houseless, in these dreary abodes, was a work worthy of the generous—the good and the charitable.

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL IN ITALY.

I WAS by no means displeased when I left the huge misshapen-looking vehicle under the long portico of the custom-house, and paid my respects to the neat, clean, and comfortable inn of Isella, the first village on the Sardinian frontier.

If the luggage had been examined, I might have walked to Domo d'Ossola, without fear of being overtaken; but Mosti, ever alive to the welfare of his employers, recommended me to take the ladies to the inn hard by, and make them happy in some refreshments, leaving him to arrange the custom-house duties, having the keys of the trunks.

There never was a man of such extensive acquaintance as Mosti; we never passed a

village, town, city, or hamlet, without seeing some people who recognized the fat, jolly Vetturino, who had a civil word and a ready joke for all. Besides Mosti's imperturbable good humour, he was always ready to assist the distressed; he knew all the professional beggars, and gave *them* his blessing; but the really necessitous he was ever ready to relieve. I always wondered how he escaped having a wife in every place, for he had a roguish eye for all the young and the pretty, and the matrimonial law of bigamy might have been easily evaded, as his real and respectable wife lived at Pisa; and a Vetturino belongs to no country, nor is domiciled himself in any parish.

He was not only successful with those who admired his dark eyes and laughing countenance, but he could win over the Cerberus of any custom-house, by a gift of ten francs, and, if worth his while, to have added to the sum himself, rather than have the unpacking and restowing of those twenty-seven cases, trunks, and boxes. The horses were taken off—the Isella inn table was well covered with dishes; Mosti had betaken himself to his own dinner with Leopold, his cousin; the chief of

the Dogana walked round the carriage, as if to protect it from others; and when "time was up," and we were summoned, the carriage was driven to the inn door—not a box had been disturbed, the keys were returned, the chief took off his hat, and his myrmidons having had a very trifling distribution of coin, made most respectful bows; and away we went to face the road, which in 1834 had been entirely destroyed by the inconceivable fury of a storm, which committed this destruction for nearly eight miles.

It was in this outbreak of the elements that every stream became a waterfall of some magnitude, sweeping down in its velocity huge fragments of rocks, and precipitating stones, until not a bridge was left, and the road destroyed. The traveller has now to walk along the bed of the river, and the carriage ought to be strong to bear the jolts and jumbles to which it is subjected. It will be years before the new road traced by the Sardinian government is finished; and in the meantime, as Mosti always said, when the road was bad, and the horses *lazy* (poor devils!) "patienza e il bastone."

Our difficulties ceased as we passed the

bridge at Crevola, and began to change the scene of savageness for the softer and tranquillizing view of cultivation and verdure; but I could not enter into the raptures of Eustace, nor could I see or feel "the softer hues of earth and sky, the balmy air, the trellised vine, the *rich, juicy stalks of the maize*, the almost-deafening chirp of the grasshoppers," &c. I knew how "*distance* lends enchantment to the scene;" and perhaps this glowing picture was painted after dinner, or I must have been thoroughly tired with my morning's walks, and my eyes grown dim in the sublimity of the scenery I had left behind. I could not see in that around me, "the valley which now opens out to view is one of the most delightful that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the *foot of the wanderer ever traversed.*"

I was once again in Italy; nor do I intend to say how many years had passed since last I travelled in this country of the "trellised vine." I had learnt the language at that age when sparkling dark eyes, and the "sheen of youth and beauty" impress a ready pronunciation, and stir the intellect into activity; and although long absent, I still retained sufficient to make me less a stranger in the land,

at any rate; and it is a great blessing I required no interpreter. I could discard those fellows who can pry into your secrets, and discover either your affluence or your poverty, by the necessity of having them to supply your wants; and there is scarcely a greater plague to one moderately conversant in the language, or to one who does not understand a word, than a lacquey de place; he is an infernal bore, and always an expensive shadow: he gets more than his five francs a day; and the more you are cheated, the more he is paid. It is no small comfort to be so far a citizen of the world, as to feel independent wherever you go.

Mosti drove us to whatever hotel he thought best; he knew we were resolved not to be uncomfortable, and when I had told him that I would go to no second-rate hotel to be devoured by the cimici and pulce, for the sake of saving a paul or a carlini, he said, "non pensate piu;" and I never did think or trouble myself about it more, and left him to steer the ship by his own compass; so he drove us to the door of the Hotel de la Poste, at Domo D'Ossola, which I find marked in my journal as "good, clean, and moderate."

There was a sluggish laziness in this town so essentially Italian in young life, with all its improvements to be made. It was badly lighted, and even the sausage manufacturers seemed dozing in dingy obscurity — people went and came, and walked; but they appeared to have no occupation, excepting the priests, and they seemed to constitute the greater part of the inhabitants. There dangled in fantastic shapes maccaroni; there was a mass of garlic and onions; sausages are the staple commodity, but they all dangled and swung in the cool air, as no buyer came to disturb their vibratory motion.

The colonnades were far from inviting, and the middle of this street is the most frequented; in many parts of this town, which can shew an apology for a pavement, although gas will not illuminate it for many years, the trottoir runs in the centre of the street, which the mules seem to respect; the only burst of language which I heard in this torpid town, was by my friend Mosti, who was to be seen kissing a huge burly, bewhiskered friend, and who broke the monotony of the silence by a shout of welcome; some recumbent lazzaroni-looking idlers opened their eyes at the unusual sound,

and a batch of priests seemed to think an emeute had occurred.

As I groped my way through this uninteresting town, I came upon the church; there was a Madonna in her glass case, secured by a grille in front, as if to prevent her escape, should she become disgusted with the eternal repetitions of the Aves. The lamp which lighted this dim divinity was flickering, as if in extremis, and shed not a ray beyond the Madonna's face.

As this looked a rather respectable shrine, I advanced towards it, keeping my eyes fixed upon it, and thus never discovered an old lady in black, who was devoutly petitioning the wax doll for some remission of sins, or for some benefit hereafter, and over whom I tumbled, and lodged safely upon a priest on the other side. This accident created a considerable stir in the Madonna's congregation, which I humbly suggested, might have knelt nearer the church, and out of the public path. The old lady never reproached my clumsiness, but, having got upon her knees again, began, I presume, *de novo;* but the priest was rather inclined to resent the indignity, when, finding I was a stranger and a most undeniable heretic,

he crossed himself devoutly, as if to exorcise a devil, and set to work again to confess his sins, I hope, to the Madonna.

It was raining at the time, but it did not curb their religious ardour; and certainly I never saw two people more resolute in the continuance of their prayers. There was another saint in the church porch, but the Madonna was the favourite. As I retraced my steps, I got under the colonnades, in spite of the mahogany legs which belonged to men who were sitting against the wall, and cared little for the chance of a kick. Here, also, I met some of the fairer sex, although they looked considerably browned, with the mantilla in the Spanish style, and whose eyes seemed more dazzling than the lights.

The next day it rained hard, and we started with the hope of reaching Arona, having twice crossed the Tosa, in ferries well contrived; for, besides our carriage, with four horses, the boat accommodated other vehicles and other passengers, and having embarked and disembarked us with considerable dispatch, we slowly trotted along the heavy road. Waterfalls were so plentiful, that one of the party remarked, "Ils pleuvent des cascades." Indeed, if the traveller

had to turn his head to see every waterfall he passes, either in Switzerland or here, he would stand a chance of dislocating his neck.

The trot soon humbled itself to a walk; the roads were excessively heavy, and as for any view, the principal travellers had given that up, and were fast asleep; nor did they trouble themselves about the large bridge at Gravellona, or any sight; but on arriving at Fariolo, "Il Leone d'Oro" determined them to halt for the night, although it was only three o'clock, and we had the full enjoyment of a country inn on a rainy day; and now it was that the bag came into use, for out of it came cards, dominoes, and divers other amusements. It was in vain we flattened our noses against the window panes, and looked along the road we had travelled, for a curve prevented seeing in the other direction. Not a soul but a poor little shivering girl, without shoes or stockings, passed; and even the prospect of dinner scarcely cast a gleam of contentment.

Close to the inn is the Lago Maggiore, and, in spite of the weather, I walked along its shores. The Isola Madre, the most northern of the Borromean Islands, was not visible, and only occasionally, as the strong breeze

cleared away the clouds and the mists, could anything be distinguished, so I gave up exploring beyond the granite quarries; and as no one was at work, except to skulk the rain, I returned, not much edified by my researches.

There are many worse inns, on rainy or fine days, than Il Leone d'Oro, at Fariolo; and a rainy day may be easily got through, especially if there are bright eyes in some, and great admirers in others.

The beauty of the next morning repaid us for the rain of the preceding day, and we visited the Lago Maggiore under auspicious circumstances. We sent the carriage on to Strassa. Of the beauty of the islands, I scarcely coincide with any writer. The islands are, after all, but small islands, with a good situation, and the gardens well enough, in all Italian formality, but the taste is detestable. Simonds' simile of the Isola Bella to "a Perigord pie, stuck round with the heads of woodcocks and partridges," or "of an ornamental marriage-cake," is far-fetched, whilst Matthews runs into the other extreme. I think Brockedon is nearest the mark, when he designates it as "worthy only of a rich man's misplaced extravagance with the taste of a confectioner."

Within stone-throw of the chateau there are the most villanous, wretched hamlets; and from the windows—if such apertures can be called windows—dangle dirty clothes, ragged garments, dried fish, and other abominations. The castle itself is spacious, the gallery of paintings good, the monuments in the chapel interesting, and the owner a gentleman; but the gardens and their terraces, covered with oranges, citrons, pomegranates, &c., and all the ornamental figures and contrivances, can scarcely be seen without a sigh, that the natural beauty of the situation has been marred by such art. And here is food for reflection, and here also is the vicissitude of human existence exemplified; for whilst a grateful people have raised the colossal statue of Carlo Borromeo, near Arona, the face of which is exactly like that of Punch—and whilst the Cathedral of Milan owns as its greatest treasure the body of the saint, in its silver-gilt chapel, and gorgeous shrine of gold and gilded silver, the gift of Philip the Fourth of Spain; and whilst the stranger is shown, dressed in full pontificals—mitre, cope, sandals, gloves, and rings—the shrivelled skin and fleshless skull, amidst the splendid robes and orna-

ments in which the figure is shrouded; whilst churches, at this very hour, are being raised and dedicated to that great and good man, who bore the word "Humilitas" on his heart, as his family of warriors had borne it on their shields;—the present bearer of this great name is an exile, his palace is turned into a loathsome hospital, his fortune is confiscated, and even the great staircase and hall of his castle at Isola Bella left unroofed. But it was in the palmy days of this illustrious family that the wretched habitations touching the Castle were built.

I own I was much disappointed. "*All* pleasures preconceived or preconcerted," says Dr. Johnson, "end in disappointment;" and, perhaps, because I saw this "magic creation of labour and taste—this fairy land—which might serve as a model for the Gardens of Calypso"*—this "magnifique caprice d'une pensée grandiose, une espèce de creation,"† in all the horrors of progressive ruin and inevitable decay. The very pavement at the great entrance of the castle and elsewhere, speaks loudly as to the restricted means of the present owner; and twenty gardeners, instead of five

* Matthews. † Saussure.

—the number now employed—would be insufficient to keep the gardens and the walks in that order requisite to attract the eye and call forth the admiration of the beholder. As we left this Isola Bella—and it deserves the name—I kept my eye fixed upon the castle, and thought I saw the owner—the exile—watching us whom he had just left, and, perhaps, envying us the liberty he had lost, in the right to visit the great residence of Austrian tyranny—Milan. But though the Austrian may trample down all liberty, and silence even the whisper of that great word,—Carlo Borromeo will outlive the tyranny, and in the record of the world's great men, History, that name can never be obliterated.

I was born a Conservative, in those days when we were called Tories, and kings and emperors were as household gods of adoration—Time the destroyer, and Time the avenger, by degrees, somewhat took the gilt from the gingerbread, and I began, as I grew up, to find that kings, like other men, were but human flesh and blood, and that all the impurities of the lowest mortal coursed alike in their royal veins.

It is difficult to suggest what a king should

be, to inspire personal respect—no fat king—although the Lama of Thibet is the more beloved the fatter he grows—can look dignified—you cannot disguise the unseemly paunch; and George IV., sewn as he was into his dresses, could not disguise this variation from the figure of the Apollo. A tall, thin king, spindled up like a weak geranium, is a kind of lanky royalty—a short, squat figure, like that of Monsieur Thiers, especially if he wears spectacles, can be no object of respect from exterior embellishments—a king too young, or a king too old, the opposite extremes, suggest childishness—and a king that squints, or a monarch who stutters, cannot escape the levity of a wit.

The late Emperor of Russia was about the best picture of the personal appearance of a king; but he was getting bald, and I doubt if his laurels would have been sufficient to conceal *that;* but very few of this royal brood inspire a man born in a free country with that degree of awe which in former times bent the knee and bowed the head of the subject. Napoleon I. was a coarse Corsican — Napoleon III. would pass in a crowd unobserved or unnoticed, and who

can look at the King of Naples, and feel humbled?

On passing the lake of Ticino, and leaving a free country, the traveller is made aware of the change as he enters the town of Sesto Calende; and if he is of an inquisitive turn of mind, he would suggest to himself this question, "What divinity does hedge this Emperor of Austria?" Even Mosti, who was very liberal in his politics, put his freedom of the subject aside until he should return to where the air was purer, and breathed without difficulty; he delivered our passports with as much respect as a midshipman in 1809 would have delivered a despatch to an admiral; and the Austrian employé received them with dignified contempt.

The Hotel de la Poste is about ten yards from the custom-house, to which we had been driven from the ferry-boat; and after we had passed a rapid inspection, we left the carriage with Mosti to be overhauled, and went through the rather dirty yard to arrive at a decent set of apartments which looked over the lake, and gave us a very good idea how rigidly the Austrians performed their frontier

duty. At dark, the iron gate of the hotel which leads to the lake was locked, the key handed over to the serjeant of the guard, and a sentinel placed, so that an evening party on the lake might find the whistle of a musket-ball nearer than was pleasant. On the Swiss side the boats moved about half the night; but on the Austrian side, independent of the sentinels, a steam-boat moved slowly about, to pounce upon any who dared to venture a yard from the shore.

In the meantime, it was satisfactory to be informed, that silver was a current coin, and by no means disagreeable to be handled; the only difficulty was, how to pass it from one hand to another without observation. Italians are wonderfully quick at signs; I have seen two Neapolitans hold a regular conversation (if it is not an Irishism) with their gesticulations; and I presume that somehow this was conveyed to the inspector—"Let the carriage pass, and when it is dark we can meet at the church porch." It is quite an idea of my own; but the carriage shortly came into the yard, and certainly had not been unpacked, and ten francs, bouno meno, was added to the account.

Some people hold it wrong to bribe. I knew three Englishmen, who were so rigidly correct, and so scrupulously honest, that they would not tempt any one to accept a bribe, and they suffered all the pains and penalties of dirt and discomfort at Fondi, the dirtiest town in all the Neapolitan dominions, and perhaps in Europe, and had their luggage tossed here and there, every book seized, and cigars taken, because they would not understand that Neapolitans were badly paid, or admit for one second that *any* man ought to offer a reward to another to neglect his duty.

I really believe these three are the identical people who take it by turns to send the half of a five-pound note the third of every month to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as income-tax omitted. I have no such scruples; when I was in Russia I bribed every officer who interfered with me, and some of them had as many stars as there are in the Milky Way; and as for poor beggarly Italians, it really is a greater sin to see how they are worked, and how badly they are remunerated; besides, if my friends are so honest, of course they would not smuggle, and their consciences might be eased by the consideration that they in no

way defrauded the Government, and only paid to be saved time and trouble.

I walked through Seste Calende at dark; two sentinels were placed by the broad landing-place, and no one was allowed to approach it; not a soul was to be seen stirring, and in the only café which stands in the Place, four or five constituted the society; here and there I met patrols, but they never molested me, although I wore a shooting-jacket and a "wide-awake"—there was no fear of the slumbers being disturbed—there was not a sound to disturb the solemn night-calm. Tyranny keeps regular hours. At Fariola, we were glad of a fire; here the windows were opened, and the fleas were the only republicans awake.

CHAPTER XI.

MILAN.

"Chi vuol vivere in pace,
Vede, ascolta, e tace."

THIS should be the motto of all who enter the Austrian dominions. If you travel for pleasure or science, you must leave your political portfolio behind you, and forget, if you can, that the "Times" exists. It is as well to avoid wrapping up dirty boots in newspapers; and although, thanks to the silver passport, I could have passed any revolutionary work, yet this does not happen to all, and sometimes the traveller is exposed to annoyances from "trifles light as air." The passport is generally the cause of disquietude; but by a little common attention to the explanations in Murray on this head, you will steer

clear of many of the shoals and quicksands of Austrian navigation.

It was six o'clock in the evening when I entered the Arco delle Pacé, having left behind me the rustic beauties, who, although without shoes or stockings, adorned their hair with silver skewers and with dingle-dangles; here all was military, there seemed more soldiers than inhabitants, and the huge square was alive with white jackets, and bands of music. As we passed into the streets, the crowd increased, and after turning and twisting through some narrow lanes, we got safe and sound to the Albergo Reale, to which comfortable hotel I recommend all who are fond of civility and cleanliness.

I am a very unquiet spirit, and was soon out, to find my way as chance directed me. I like to lose myself in a city, and to find my way back through alleys, or lanes, or squares, or streets; and thus in my travelling dress, I sallied forth to find La Scala, and very shortly I was in the pit, rejoicing my ears with the music of Ernani, and comforting my eyes with the ballet of Il Fallo; as I loitered by the door, I saw officer after officer pass in, and heard the word "*franco*" repeated as each

passed. No Austrian officer pays for admission, and the best places are reserved for them; not that there was much occasion for such reservation, as very few of the inhabitants attend the public theatres.

On my first entering, I was surprised at the magnitude of the house, but I accounted for the ocular deception, by the fact that the boxes were without tenants; that is, out of two hundred and forty-two boxes, thirty-eight alone were occupied, and twenty-two of these were in possession of Austrian officers, who seem to think, like some London fashionables, that a box with more than two therein is a sign of a vulgar economy; but as the Austrian officers seemed to walk wherever they liked, they might, for respectability sake, have subdivided themselves a little more.

At the entrance of the pit doors stood two sentinels in the neat white uniform of Austria; they were jammed against their posts, and remained as stationary as automatons, excepting the eyes. As I was in my travelling dress, I was closely surveyed by several officers—and it never occurred to me, that I was improperly dressed—for, of course, I should in such a country have been refused admittance; I pre-

sume, therefore, that it was my John Bull face, more than my grey travelling coat, to which I was indebted for such observation.

The front row of the stalls was occupied solely by Austrian officers, and the second row was kept empty, I presume, for them also. Several stood as I did against the lower boxes at the entrance into the pit—there being a large space without seats in that part. I never remember to have seen so desolate a theatre, or a more magnificent one. I do not think there were twenty ladies in the house. The Scala, capable of containing three thousand six hundred spectators, had certainly not three hundred that night.

The nobility of Milan, now so degraded, have almost entirely deserted the capital, and their boxes are let at a cheap rate to any amateur. The before-mentioned facts will satisfy any one, that wherever the Austrian officer has a free admission, very few citizens choose to be seen. I went a second time to hear Verdi's Trovatore—and the result, although this was a new opera, and very fairly got up, was much the same as to spectators and boxes—my impression, as recorded on my return home, as to the opera, was, " The whole affair was very

creditable—the orchestra good, the singers above mediocrity, the ballet and the mise en scene excellent; but everywhere was the musket and bayonet, the white uniform, the clanking sword, the look of authority, and the averted eye of apprehension." I mention this to show, that although great attention is paid to the performances, very few of the higher classes of the Milanese can be tempted to the amusement.

I left the house well impressed with the power of absolute authority—everybody made way for an officer, and they strutted about, to use a familiar expression—" like cocks on their own dunghill."

As I retraced my steps to the Albergo Reale, I had a good opportunity of seeing how they manage some things at Milan: before me walked a man well dressed, who picked his steps cautiously enough to avoid the wet, for it had rained hard. I was close to him, when, as sudden as thought, he was seized by both arms, before him were two armed men; in a second two others rushed between me and the prisoner, and he was walked off. No one took the trouble of saying a word, and the prisoner might as well have addressed the wind as his

captors. I freshened my way, and got home as quickly as possible, thinking perhaps that, under such a state of siege, there was such a thing as " being out after hours."

A traveller will find that he is desired to present *himself* at the police office, and I presented myself for two hours, and could get no visé to my passport. I concluded some money was requisite—but I got on no better—so I returned home, and consulted the commissioner, who gave me plainly to understand, that the fleecing of victims was a kind of sheep-shearing, at which one held the animal, whilst the other made him less in weight; and that although it was mentioned as imperatively requisite that the traveller should go himself, yet that if *he* went, no difficulty would exist. He went, I paid, and my passport was viséd.

It is now nearly five hundred years since the present Duomo, or cathedral, was commenced, and it is not yet finished—neither do I think it ever will be finished. There is always a scaffolding, and always a niche vacant for a statue — one would suppose that a certain number of these marble saints died annually, and others were promoted to their places.

I leave the description of the interior to

those whose remarks are found in Murray; but a very little observation is requisite to see that the church is not used only for religious purposes; it is a kind of show: people come and gaze, and talk, and do all but pray—here runs a dog sniffing at every corner—there female beggars for more than money—some kneel on a chair, and mechanically make the sign of the cross, and then, with lips apparently muttering words to which even the mind or the heart is a stranger, they turn their eyes upon anything but the Madonna or the crucifix; after about three minutes, up they jump, give that peculiar blue-bottle-fly-cleaning itself motion of the hands, and with hasty steps retire—believing, no doubt, they have done a duty, and said their prayer. Excepting on Sundays, even these mimic genuflexions and crosses are not many.

Still it is worth while to visit St. Carlo Borromeo in his silver-gilt chapel, and see if Byron was not right, when he said of a king—

> "It seemed the mockery of hell, to fold
> The rottenness of eighty years in gold;"

take a near view of all that once was a saint on earth, and the secrets of whose heart none knew but ONE, and ponder upon the shrivelled,

wasted, rotten flesh; the long, lank bony skeleton fingers—the hollow skull; and, save all the worldly gewgaws so lavishly expended, remember that "to this complexion you must come at last." I hardly know a finer lesson for the haughty and the proud—the meek and the lowly—the wise in their own conceit—the fool in his ribaldry—or the handsome, young, and lusty, than this wretched remnant of a saint, wrapped up in all worldly tawdry, and rotting and wasting in silks and satins. Look well at this picture in decay, and then mount the highest pinnacle of this splendid and magnificent cathedral, and turn to the living works of God in all their splendour.

A finer panoramic view can scarcely be witnessed, than that presented to the eye from this height. Carry the sight in the direction of the church of St. Sebastiano, and bounding the horizon is Monte Viso, the first, which is the vanguard of the whole line—now sweep the circle to the right, and capped in snow behold Mont Blanc. Monte Rosa, the blush of whose snows, as the setting sun tints them with the faintest red, has given the name to this mountain. Further on, and passing many of lower degree, are the Simplon, the Jungfrau,

and the sharp peak of the Finsterarhorn, then St. Gothard, the Splügen; and falling into lesser heights, and tapering into smallness, are many and many, until Monte Baldo completes the semicircle; then further round, but not forming the circle, are the distant blue Apennines, with the Cento Croci and Monte Penice conspicuous, whilst the Colle di Tenda, insignificant as to height, seems stretching itself as if to make the round entire.

There cannot be a finer view—now turn to the city; on every side are stately edifices, magnificent buildings, and streets of fair dimensions—but here the admiration ends, for the multitudinous chimnies, eccentric beyond eccentricity, the wretched roofs with the turned tile, exactly as the last excavation of Pompeii proves, the same as were used two thousand years ago; there has been no improvement here, and the Devil on Two Sticks might gratify his peeping propensities without much trouble. To be charmed with the view from the summit of the Duomo, you must endeavour to breathe freely, and keep the eye far, far away, nor look below, where the huge Caserma of St. Francesco, or the frowning Castello, near

the Arco della Pace, disgorge their armed multitudes for the suppression of all liberty.

At this time, the population may be estimated at 140,000, that is, allowing the nobility to be occupiers of their houses, which a drive through the long, deserted streets will convince the traveller is not the case; the garrison is never less than 20,000 men, and around the town, and close to its gates, are barracked 10,000 more; the whole 30,000 forming the complete garrison. Now, if from the 140,000 inhabitants we strike off one-half for the women, and make a fair reduction for male children under ten years of age, and for old men of seventy-five upwards, we shall find that there is a soldier for every one-and-a-half citizen.

Before 1848, the Corso was so crowded with carriages, and so encumbered with foot passengers, that soldiers and police were placed to prevent accidents; now, the rattle of a carriage is almost unheard, and the hum of the busy multitude subsided into a low, indistinct murmur; there is no shout of liveliness, no noisy exultation—but the young and the old have a weight on their spirits, and a fear in their hearts.

The palaces of the great are turned into hospitals for the worst disorders. The nobles have forsaken the city, and leave their residences closed. The theatres and churches are almost unfrequented, and both amusement and religion seem crushed. The stagnation of trade, and the perfect air of misery and desolation in all the streets, but the Corso and one or two others, contrasted with the stirring energy of Geneva, its bustle and activity, may well cause a comparison between a free government, where the citizen need not fear a voluntary loan made a forced one by the bayonet, or go to his bed without the apprehension that the morrow may light him to a prison and his straw.

No man can imagine the desolation of Milan, that city founded by the Insubrian Gauls, and once in splendour the sixth city of the Roman empire, and the second of Italy. Alas! how changed; here still are the palaces, theatres, statues, and structures, required for the dignity and luxury of a great capital, such as once led the fashion in Europe, and gave the name of *milliner* for generation and generation; but the heart which gave vitality, and poured its tide of circulation through its arteries and veins, now beats in languor and decay.

Return to the Duomo, and to the one hundred and fifty steps, which, upon flying buttresses, lead to the roof, and where, at every step, statues, some done by the very best masters, are to be seen; the whole population of these "animated busts" will be above 4000, if ever they are completed; as yet, only 3000 are in their niches, and some of these deserve a better fate than being exposed to the elements, and placed so high that vulgar eyes cannot reach them.

On the summit of the highest of the many pinnacles is a gilt statue of the Virgin—to my eye a very great disfigurement—there was no occasion in such a Catholic country to bedizen the Virgin in gold—she would be better in the chaste marble, and anything gilt detracts from the effect of the building; it is not six months since a golden cross was placed on the Madeline, at Paris; but even the clergy voted the cross *de trop*, and it was removed. The Virgin, at Milan, is, in the first place, too large, and the highest pinnacle on which she is perched too low, in comparison with those around it; the whole looks like the figure of a Dutch woman on a stump top-gallant mast. I hold all virgins in especial veneration, but

really think that the most extraordinary building in the world, with the exception of the church near the Kremlin, at Moscow, would be benefited, and the Virgin not at all insulted, if the statue were removed.

Beneath our feet is the tomb of Carlo Borromeo, a name time-honoured in Italy—the great, the good, the humble, and the charitable priest—he who a miracle is said to have saved from the hand of an assassin; look at that cupola which rises from the Corso, it is a church dedicated to the saint—nor is there a name more cherished in Milan than Carlo Borromeo. And where now are the descendants of that great family? look in the line exactly under the mountain of the Fletchhorn, and there is the Lago Maggiore, and the Borromean islands, where resides the owner of that illustrious name. The roof of his palace at Milan cannot be distinguished in the multitude of others, and in the many buildings of huge dimensions which adorn this beautiful city; but it exists—a hospital for the most loathsome diseases, such as civilized tongues scarce mention; and even where he resides, if his palace is shut from his view, the flag of the tyrant who despoiled and plundered him

passes within musket-shot of his windows daily—but dare not more insult and ruin him.

Giovanni Maria Visconti began his reign by granting a Magna Charta to the Milanese, and afterwards enjoyed "his regular pastime of feeding his bloodhounds with human victims, delighting in the spectacle, as he saw the animals tear the quivering flesh from the bones." There *was* an Austrian constitution—where is it now? and the solemn oath which was taken to uphold it—where is that registered? Has Borromeo done more wrong in endeavouring to maintain that which was his right, than the emperor who violated his oath, and trampled to death every subject whose heart panted for liberty?

It always was a matter of the greatest wonder to me, that men could be found to enact the unenviable part of public executioner; there appears something so revolting to the most indifferent feeling in chopping off a man's head, or coolly adjusting the cord to take the life of one, whom your eyes see for the first time; that it is almost beyond belief that wretches are to be found, for the sake of a few shillings, to commit the murder, and afterwards coolly to sell the rope. But there is

still another class every tittle as bad, and as despicable: it is those titled wretches under the denomination of Generals, who beat their bosoms on which a constitutional sovereign has fixed a star, and on which a tyrant places another for the strangling of liberty once gained; for the murder and the bloodshed that follows the usurpation by which a whole people are robbed and enslaved, and crushed under the chariot wheels of one man.

In the reaction such names should be obliterated, and none permitted to bear them but the public executioner; it would be the best way to hand down to posterity the infamy of the mean, paltry, pitiful scoundrels, who sell their nation's rights and liberties, to disgrace the public executioner by making him take the name of such worthless hounds. And yet, strange it is, that the very people who are robbed, sometimes caress the plunderer—and in the craven, cowardly spirit of their worthless, degraded hearts, exclaim, "Give me some place of profit, and I will call 'Vive l'Empereur!' and declare the whole of the great nation were unfit for liberty."

There was a cautious man surveying the surrounding country from the summit of the

Duomo—his eyes seemed to look far beyond the Caserna di St. Francesco—or the Ospedale Militare, which is on its left. No, his eyes were fixed in the direction of Novara, which lies in the line between Monte Cenisio, and Monte Bianco. He was a pale, thin, careworn man; and, yet in the thin, compressed lip, there was the stamp of firmness and determination. I had found my guide of rather a liberal turn of mind, and it did not escape me. How his eye flashed when he talked of Milan in its palmy days, and its thousand carriages which daily frequented the Corso; and how slowly the words fell, when, sinking his voice, and pointing to the long street, he added, "a man upon crutches need not fear to cross the street now"—the thin, pale man, turned round, and with a bitter smile, added, "even at three o'clock"—that was the hour when, in days gone by, the Corso was crowded with carriages, as plentiful as are seen on the Chiaja at Naples, at five in the evening.

By degrees the thin, pale man joined in the conversation. He observed the patrols as regular in their walks, as if it were midnight and revolution abroad—and pointing to the square beneath, in which was a regiment for

the relief of the guard, with a band playing, and playing uncommonly well, he spat down, but it was useless, for there were a dozen floorings between him and his enemies.

What scenes of tyranny did not these two men relate. There was a freemasonry between them, and after the first coyness they seemed to understand each other, and speak without much reserve. They talked of the frequent executions, if arms were found in any house; they pointed to the deserted city—the empty palaces—the thousand soldiers, as the curse of modern tyranny.

It was at any rate a pleasant and a profitable hour spent in the vicinity of the gilt virgin; nor was I at all astonished to meet the young and the gay, the old and the infirm, seeking the same pleasure as myself; it is a vast and beautiful sight, and one which amply repays the most indolent, and inspires the active and intelligent with thoughts, and aspirations great and liberal.

Why is it, that in these days the struggle for liberty has terminated in tyranny? Why is it, that even those who enjoy the great blessing themselves, deny it to others? It is nothing more nor less than the pounds, shil-

lings, and pence of Commerce; there is no fool even amongst those of young France, who imagines that, after a revolution, and the fermentation of men's minds, the political kettle, as Cobbett called it, can cool down in a moment; there must necessarily be a time of great agitation—great distress—great excitement — but the constitutional government, however much it is rocked and tossed by the whirlwind of popular agitation, would survive the tempest, if the least patience and endurance succeeded the first efforts.

The tyrants who are pleased to talk of the salvation of society, when they bribe their worthless, heartless generals, invariably frighten the country by imaginary terrors in prospect; nor will they allow the fair experiment to be tried—because that would be fatal to their ambition—the certain commercial ruin—the low price of the funds — the very agitation which is shaking the scum, either of princes or people—and which is the healthy re-action to be suffered for a time—is declared the root of the disease, and to be eradicated; and thus, France and Austria, and Naples, have lost half a century in civilization, and await with trembling anxiety the certain and inevitable revo-

lution which will again overturn the tyranny, and produce more fearful events, when those who have been cheated of their rights re-assume them by force.

If generals were not traitors, tyrants could not exist. Look at Spain; here the generals made the revolution to support the throne and the constitution; and if the French generals had done the same, instead of lending their aid to overturn what they had all falsely sworn to support, the army would have kept order just as well for freedom as for tyranny. The mob rule of Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona, was overthrown as easily by the army, as the Constitution of France by the same force. The soldiers, if led by generals true to their country and its laws, are just as efficacious under a constitution as under a tyrant; and here in Spain we see this rise occasioned by the debaucheries of the court; yet still, although all around the crown was eradicated, the crown itself became the stronger. If an Espartero, O'Donnel, and Dulce had been in France, the country would have become greater under the constitution, than under the present tyranny; and would have, by degrees, become consolidated in freedom, like England, America, Bel-

gium, and Piedmont, and have had little to fear from the inevitable, the dreadful future.

And is the hope of Italy utterly blasted? Is Milan and the north for ever to be subject to the worst of all tyrannies, a state of siege? Are citizens for ever to be subject to the information of spies—torn from their homes—their properties confiscated, their lives sacrificed without a trial? Is man the property of one man? and has genius, talent, worth, all gone from the many, and only concentrated in one? Fearful as are revolutions, and only those can judge who have lived *in* them, they are the necessary ordeals through which slaves pass to liberty—as the Red Sea to the promised land. Oh! but there are many bleeding hearts and resolute hands in Milan; there is that low whisper, the distant murmur of the hurricane constantly heard, and the time will come, when a full and awful account will be demanded. Even now, an Austrian officer is shunned as a tyrant's tool—they enter into no society, for society, in its freedom, has made them outcasts—they are tracked like wild beasts—they herd by themselves, and their fearful growl frightens their hunters—but in this enlightened age, liberty must prosper,

and with that liberty will come the prosperity of all free countries.

I passed through the Strada die Nobili to the Porta Romagna; every palace was closed —but what a city this might be, with its broad streets and noble structures! the tramp of the patrol night and day! as Campbell says—

> "Their voices and their empty tread,
> Appeared like echoes of the dead,"

was alone heard.

There is still a redeeming virtue in the women of Milan; the Spanish mantilla becomes them well, and the head ornaments are particularly striking. There is an air of modesty in the large dark eyes, which, if garrulity did not perhaps babble the truth, might be mistaken for chastity—at any rate, "they assume a virtue, if they have it not." It cannot be said, that the women of Milan are singularly handsome—we hear of the beauty of the Roman women—but to the north I never witnessed it to any particular excess over comparative ugliness—they are all daughters of Eve alike—and very fortunately, what is admired by one man, is disregarded by another. The devil is painted white by a negro—and I have

heard in Africa, the beauty of a woman extolled, who might to European eyes have figured as the ugliness of sin.

There are many sights well worthy of being seen at Milan; some of the churches, which contain admirable frescos and striking pictures, and that of Santa Maria della Grazie, in the Borgo della Grazie, will, of course, be ever visited by the traveller. In the refectory of the adjoining convent is the celebrated Cenacolo of Leonardo da Vinci. Volumes have been written about this work, and to those volumes I refer the readers of this; but I can safely join, as far as I am concerned, who am neither an artist or an amateur picture-fancier, in the following remark in Murray:— "The general traveller will, when he arrives in the refectory, probably think he has been hoaxed, by being sent to see a discoloured wall." Wordsworth thought it had been painted over again, and spoilt a second time; but Professor Phillips and John Cam Hobhouse have described beauties which it requires very penetrating eyes to discover. It must be a grand and magnificent picture, and if you could only see it, no doubt you would join in the raptures; as for myself, I confess to the

"discoloured wall," and that without a blush for my ignorance or want of perception, and as yet I do not wear spectacles.

Saint Ambrogio will not be time wasted, and there is a pleasure in bribing a nun. Money may well be called the mammon of unrighteousness; it is a great pity we do not know the current coin of his black majesty's dominions, or it would be worth while hoarding it up, and taking it with us; but look at the Lateral Tablets, and you will rub up your history, and refresh your memory. You will find St. Ambrogio one of the few saints, or sinners, who attempted to escape his worldly promotion and advancement by flight. It would have been very creditable in Baraguay d'Hilliers had he imitated the saint, and ran away from his ridiculous promotion of marshal for the miserable affair of Bomarsund!—but no sinner follows a saint's example, especially a French general.

The Madonna does not seem to enjoy a quiet grave; she is either winking her eyes at Rimini and Civita Vecchia, appearing to French girls, or, as in former times, looking after her various pictures, to see if they resemble her. You will find in the history of the Church of

Sta. Maria presso San Celso, that our friend St. Ambrogio was the occasion of a visit of the Madonna, and that this church, one of the richest and most elegant of Milan, arose in consequence.

It is generally remarked that the enthusiastic travellers rush into every church, Murray in hand, and go into ecstatic raptures at a picture of which they are but indifferent judges. They soon acquire the smattering of criticism —"critics are ready made," as Byron says; they talk of the colouring of a Coreggio, and so forth, and become the easy victims of their credulity and conceit. They purchase *originals*, and mistake two or three daubs of varnish for the brown colouring of age; but as to the churches—after they have disturbed some hundred congregations, they get so tired of the luxury, that even St. Peter's itself is trotted over with an accelerated pace: a little poetry is repeated, and off they bolt to *do* the catalogue, and to have done with ecclesiastical departments. Then come the palaces — it is generally "church and state" with the English—and at Milan they may flesh their maiden appetite, and even get a surfeit, to be gradually worked off as they get along the

road. The Palazzo della Imperiale e Reale Corte is in the vicinity of the Duomo, and in front of which the Austrians amuse a very few spectators with music on a military parade every morning. It was here the slaver of contempt was intended to have fallen from my thin friend on the summit of the cathedral.

The palace is a miserable concern, although, heaven knows, the ceilings of the different rooms, and the rooms themselves, are poor enough in all but paint and putty; there are plenty of modern frescoes; and here you see Napoleon I., as Jupiter, upon an eagle!—They have landed that marauder in heaven in the cupola of the Madeleine, at Paris; so his ride on the bird that can look at the sun is nothing very extravagant; but it is quite extraordinary how mortals like to be flattered into immortality: the most absurd instance in all Italy is that of Carlo Borbone, a remarkably stupid fellow when alive, now by Canova exhibited as Minerva, and stuck up, to be laughed at, on the grand staircase of the Museum of Naples. There never was such a satire as this; but Canova was so disgusted at the unmeaning face of his Minerva, that he threw his paper cap at it in disgust.

After having placed Napoleon, as Jupiter, on his eagle, you may see him in the mortal infliction of undergoing matrimony with Maria Louisa.

I think it will not escape the observation of the traveller, that at Rome, all the palaces of any note were built by those righteous men who despised the world's splendours, and, like Carlo Borromeo, had "humilitas" as an outward and visible sign, whilst pride—inordinate pride—assisted by the plunder of the state, reigned in their hearts. These men were cardinals, in all but the virtues; they extended their ravenous claws over all Italy, and as far elsewhere as they could reach.

Visit the Arcivescovado, it is close at hand, and one of the most conspicuous buildings on which you look down from the vicinity of the Golden Virgin, on the stump pinnacle. Here we have Cardinal Monte supplying a good collection of paintings, and "increased by his successors;" and there are as many "Virgine con Bambino's," and just as different in appearance, as might be seen at the Enfant Trouvé at Moscow; but, to the credit of the Cardinal, it must be said that almost all the pictures are of a religious order, from the

Virgin, dressed in blue, with a turban on her head, to St. Jerome, half-naked.

There are plenty of pictures at Milan, and some very quaint ones. In the Brera is a Virgin and Child, with St. Andrew, St. Monica, the *Emperor Sigismund*, St. Ursula, and three angels, all getting up a concert—a very mixed society indeed, and certainly not discoursing sweet music, if we may judge by the instruments: indeed, the idea of the music of the spheres occurs frequently, for, in the seventh room of the Brera, there is a picture, excessively well spoken of by Marco d'Ogionno, where, as usual, there is a Virgin and Child, with St. Paul, and St. John the Baptist, with an angel playing on the violin—one would imagine, in such company, the angel's fiddle, if not out of tune, excessively out of place.

If the curious traveller does not find sufficient wonders in Milan, he had better go to Monza, which is but a short distance, and see the famous iron crown given by Pope Gregory to Queen Theodolinda; the thin fillet of iron which lines the diadem being a nail used at the Crucifixion, and hammered out to this shape! This is the crown used in the coronation of the emperors of Austria since

1311, and the same which Napoleon placed on his own head. "Il sacro Chiodo," as it is sometimes called, has been used for strange purposes, and now is exhibited to the wonder-seeking public for a small fee; and you will also get a distinct view of a piece of the true cross, of which, in Italy, there is certainly enough to make the scaffolding of the Crystal Palace;—also, the identical reed held by Christ, with one of the thorns of the crown! A man must have a gullet of extraordinary faith to swallow all this, but many do believe it; and the Crown of the Holy Nail, when it travels to Milan, sits in a royal carriage on a crimson cushion, and has a guard of honour, with a proper sprinkling of the great officers of state for its companions.

It is all wonderful, but it is all very true; and the unbelieving sceptic must know, that the wood of the true cross, as fast as a portion was cut off, grew again directly, so that, like the good works of Christ which were registered in heaven, being beyond all number, and being made over to the creditor side of the pope's account, that pious ecclesiastic — and all popes are always pious and good men—can give as many years' indul-

gence to any and to everybody as he thinks fit, and yet his account in heaven's ledger will be the same; it grows again like the wood of the true cross, from the impossibility of diminishing it—it is like pumping the water from one side of the ship to the other, the balance is always the same—as fast as you draw it one side it runs round from the other, filled up by what is taken from it. It is a very extraordinary belief, but so it is, and a plenary indulgence is by no means to be despised.

Milan is full of interesting monuments, in bronze and stone; it is a beautiful city, it has everything to recommend it, but its rice-fields in its vicinity, and the government under which it languishes, and this last is its most bitter curse—nor should I be much surprised to hear that the Austrian troops were treated like the five thousand hounds of that tyrant Bernabo Visconti, who were put out to board and lodge upon the various rich inhabitants.

If at the monthly inspection a dog was found too lean, the host was fined for his neglect—if too fat, the host was punished for having spoilt the dog—but if the animal died, imprisonment and loss of property was the

inevitable fate. Imagine how the unfortunate host would look at the toothless maw of an old dog, or the gray-headed, wizened face of an Austrian soldier. No one dares resent an insult from an Austrian officer now; it only requires the law of that cruel and inexorable tyrant, Visconte, to make the iron rule of Milan perfect.

But the Milanese have yet a hope that they may one day shake off this galling, bitter yoke. Unarmed, separated, tracked, wretched, and despised as they are, they have still the hope that the day may come when they may be free—they hear on every side how the Sardinian government has, with the liberty of the subject, given an impetus to commerce—every traveller exhibits his hatred to the Austrian rule, from the very fear which is manifested lest the slightest police regulation should be disregarded—and he will hear from people, whose words he cannot doubt, that if fire-arms, however old, dirty, rusty, and unserviceable, were found in their houses, a drum-head court-martial would soon send the proprietor for execution. It is the knowledge of this readiness to revolt, that keeps Austria to her armed neutrality; even the French would

be hailed with raptures, and that government could only be accepted upon the plea, that the Milanese must benefit by *any* change —the seeds of a revolution are deeply sown, the grievances are great, and it is well known that when a bitter chalice is filled to the brim, one drop makes it overflow.

The patrols are everywhere, night and day, and in the market places, or any place of crowded traffic, the most vigilant surveillance is practised. It yet remains to be seen if the love of liberty can overthrow paid hirelings, and if all the struggles made since 1793 are useless and unavailing. It is quite ludicrous to see the general scamper of the spectators, when the regiment to relieve the guard at the different posts begins to advance.

The Arena, near the Arco della Pace, is well worth a visit, and although constructed to contain thirty thousand persons, has seldom the honour of seeing one thousand. It reminds the traveller of those amphitheatres yet to be seen in Sicily and elsewhere, excepting that the ancients generally selected places commanding extended views, like that at Catatafime; but this, although the distant snow-clad mountains are visible, has no other point

of attraction, without the Castello, which frowns with dreadful severity in its neighbourhood, may be considered one; there were no entertainments going on during my visit, and the place was visited merely as a sight to be *done*.

If the traveller is a good Italian scholar, aud his ear well practised to the sounds of that sweet language, he will be much gratified by a visit to the Teatro Fiando, called more generally Teatro Girolamo, from a character under that name being represented in every performance. It is a wretched, dirty affair, but it is not without amusement; and although it has been honoured by being likened to St. Carlino at Naples, it has not the slightest pretension to any such fraternity, without, indeed, the singers in a circulating library at a watering-place, are classed with those of the Italian opera. The Cassandrino, at Rome, and St. Carlino stand apart, and the latter has a thousand times the humour and the acting of the former; but with all the disparity, Girolamo will amuse the spectator, and I never saw an audience better convulsed in laughter — much dirtier in their dresses, or more frowsy to the olfactories than at the

Fiando; but we should learn very little of the manners and customs of a people, if we only studied them in drawing-rooms, and drew our conclusions of their cleanliness from those in silks and satins. They are a good-natured, civil set of people, these Italians—always ready to render a service—but they are fearfully jealous and revengeful. It is not in Milan that this character is so fully developed as further south; nor are the Milanese so far advanced in civilization as the Romans and Neapolitans, where the art of picking pockets is carried to its fullest extent.

I took my leave of Milan with some regret, having avoided even the allurements of Bruschetti's pictures the landlord of the Albergo Reale—and he has a gallery, collected during the storm of the revolution, and well worth a careful examination; but the revolution is over, and the price is augmented—but still a fair and reasonable offer might lead to the acquisition of some truly good pictures.

I saw Mosti looking with considerable dismay at the increased luggage; he had managed his twenty-seven large cases and boxes with much cleverness, but as he looked at the huge pile again to be placed on his carriage, he put

both hands in his pockets and began to whistle an air of Rossini, for Mosti was a great admirer of that brilliant and fascinating composer; but all the whistling did not reduce the luggage—and turning to me, he cast a look of dismay, and uttered, with the peculiar Italian shrug, "Ah, capitano mio!" and set to work with a good will; but when I said, "Le donne, le donne," he understood the appeal to his feelings, and the whistle grew livelier.

But it was raining hard—in fact, it seemed set in for some time, and Mosti gave me to understand, that in spite of his good will, the horses could seldom indulge us with a trot, and that Lodi would be the utmost he could accomplish that day. All his predictions were verified, even from the emerging of the Albergo Reale, for we walked through the streets and walked out of them, and after a most tedious continuance of that pace, I got out at Marignano and walked to Lodi, putting up at St. Sole.

It was not long before I was on the bridge across the Adda, and recognized the accuracy of the prints, and did ample credit to the exploits of Napoleon; on my return I was attracted by some music in a church, and

assisted at the ceremony. I will do justice to the women of Lodi, who crowded this edifice —they are, without exception, the most grateful people for the blessing of extreme ugliness I ever beheld—or ever wish to behold.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VILLAS, NEAR NAPLES.

The whole road from Naples to Castellamere is a line of villas, (in Portici almost every house is called a villa,) and although they are placed in a street, and have, according to our ideas, but little pretensions to such a name—for villa would imply something standing apart with its garden and its shady retreats—yet on every door-post may be seen Villa Buona, Villa Luchese, &c., &c. These houses have all gardens attached to them, some shewing a handsome assortment of flowers, oranges, lemons, whilst the others are turned to more profitable use, and are redolent of the vine or the vegetable; some command good views of the Bay of Naples, whilst others have opposite to their windows the pleasant view of

"Fabbrica de Aquavita," a very explosive danger, and much more likely to be fatal than even Vesuvius; opposite another is a manufactory of maccaroni; and thus the villas sink into their proper names as houses, in the Strada de Regia Portici; but there are others delightfully situated, with cool and spacious rooms, and most luxurious gardens, and they seem to defy the menaces of the burning mountain.

Most people but Neapolitans would take the hint of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and keep at a respectful distance; but Resina is built over Herculaneum, and the Royal Observatory is placed half way up the mountain itself—it is true it stands upon a ridge, but the sight-seeing man, as he leaves his carriage at the Hermitage and carelessly swings his legs across the donkey, soon becomes aware that not fifty feet from the Observatory are blocks of lava, and other signal reminiscences of various eruptions.

If Portici were to be swallowed up—as it very nearly was—and would have been, no doubt, but for the marble arm of St. Gennaro, some speculative genius would build the very day after the lava was cool; and another

Portici, like Resina, would arise on the ashes. The inhabitants seem to have a thorough contempt for the danger above them; and they look at the black smoke, and find the waters getting shallower in their wells, (a sure sign of an eruption,) without making the slightest preparation to depart. They have inherited this laziness of action from their forefathers; for when Pompeii was destroyed, and there was abundance of time after the warning to have escaped, Mr. Diomede, whose house is always shown, waited so long, that he and his purse-bearer were destroyed within their gates; and the whole family were so long in making up their minds to start, and putting on their jewels and cloaks, that the cellar became the grave of them all, until excavations disturbed their resting-place, and separated their calcined bones.

When the guns are fired at St. Petersburg, to warn the inhabitants that the ice is breaking up, they do not require two warnings; but a Neapolitan would allow the cinders to bury him, or the lava to burn the soles of his boots, before he would begin to make preparations for a start; and after the destruction of the sire, the son would build a villa on the same

spot. It must be the result of the same argument which made a man who could not escape, place his head exactly where a shot had just penetrated; arguing, that the odds were excessive against another one coming in the same place.

But on the Pausilipo side of Naples the mountain is respected for its view, without being feared for its eruptions; and, therefore, here we may find some villa that may, from generation to generation, exist, and become a safe investment as well as a safe retreat.

Of all the villas—either the Portici side or in the Campagna Felice—none can be compared to the Villa Rocca Matilda, the property of the Marchesa de Salza, situated at Pausilipo.

Amongst the many variations occasioned by time, Pausilipo has been spared. It bears the same name now that it did when Pliny wrote, and its meaning is "Cessation of sorrow." Here, indeed, is such a scene of enchantment as is seldom witnessed; here is the very purity of air, the most balmy, the most exquisite; and along the whole road from Nisida to Naples, the eye of man has hardly ever wan-

dered over a more delicious and enchanting prospect.

For many years I thought Constantinople the most beautiful spot on the globe. Genoa, Palermo, Rio Janeiro, have all their respective beauties; but the crowning rose in the whole wreath, is Naples. It embraces every scenery —you have the snow-covered mountains of the Abruzzi, the blue Apennines, the Calabrian ruggedness, and seated between the Sorrento hills and the Campagna Felice, rises Vesuvius, with the Monta Somma; before you is the clear blue Mediterranean, whose "shores have been empires;" in the distance, in fantastic shapes, rises Capri—whilst further is "Ischia's pointed peak," and as the road is pursued, Bajie seems dressed in beauty, whilst Nesida and Procida, at different sides of Pozzuoli, complete the panorama. From Naples itself these are not all seen; but enough is comprized in the Bay of Naples to rank it as the finest in Europe—if not in the world.

If a point could be selected, standing *on* the water, to embrace the most comprehensive view of the scenery, the Villa Rocca Matilda is that spot. "I named it Villa Rocca Matilda," says the Marchesa de Salza, in a letter

to me, "after the prettiest view I ever saw, and the prettiest woman I ever beheld." And certainly, if a person is not drunk with the actual enchantment of the one, and the limner's art has not flattered the other, I am quite of the Marchesa's opinion.

The whole of this part of the coast is classic ground; near here, Lucullus' villa is still shown; and Pollion, the Roman senator, about the year 40 of the Christian era, had likewise his residence near this spot, and here fed his murenes on his slaves.

> "Lucullus, they say,
> Fifty cooks had a day,"

as the old bard Morris says, and he, too, rejoiced in his human-fed murenes; but with all the cruelty, and all the poetry, these Romans could not have understood the noble art of cookery in the perfection of the present day.

In all Pompeii yet excavated—and here we have the houses of Diomede, Sallust, Julius Polybius—the first the most spacious; the second covering forty square yards; and the third having three floors, with glazed windows; and although we find in all the atrium, tride-

nium, baths, *venarium*, and gardens and fountains; yet nowhere has a chimney been found, excepting to *one* baker's oven—even the other ovens had no chimneys. The cookery, therefore, must have been performed in the open air, or done entirely with charcoal; not even in the house of the vestals, or in the house of the contrary character right opposite, is there the smallest mark of smoke, or a smoke conductor. I, therefore, am inclined to think that the fifty cooks of Lucullus could not have sent up a dinner equal to those which are the gout contractors of the present day; and the splendid feasts we read of, were, after all, but miserable affairs. If we are to judge of the ripe Falernian, from the apothecary's potion under that name now, these poor Romans could have known very little of the charms and delicacies of Burgundy and Bordeaux; but they had their villas here, and built them on promontories, or on grounds commanding the best views.

The coast from Pausilipo to Cuma is celebrated in the page of history. It was once the seat of another superstition nearly as fabulous as St. Gennaro's. Here the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, had their Temple of Serapis,

and pagan rites and sacrifices were performed. When the Romans became the masters of the world, this coast, like that between Pausilipo and Naples, became the resort of the rich; the villas were embellished with all magnificence, and the wealth of conquered nations was lavished here. On these shores are the records of the idle moments, the luxuries, the riches of the Romans; and here also they resorted for mineral baths, and purer air than blew over the Campagna of their capital. But with the fall of the mighty empire came the neglect of this coast; it fell by degrees, until, at last, it became uncultivated and deserted.

The ground on which the Villa Rocca Matilda is now built, was a poor, miserable vineyard; it had no road, but merely a crooked, narrow path to the shore. It was purchased in this state by the Marchesa, in 1842; but she only got rid of the former occupant, who dignified himself as a farmer, in 1844: the formation of the numerous grottoes supplied the stone to build the Castle villa; and those who visit this delightful retreat, will willingly pay the lady the just compliment she deserves, for she was herself the architect. And if the interior of the villa shows the good taste and

good arrangements which constitute comfort, the greater applause will be given to the terrace, built *over* the sea, and from which all the enchantment of the view is best appreciated.

As far as the villa and the terrace are concerned, they are perfect; and here, on the latter, in the bright moonlight of a Neapolitan climate, assemble the young and the lively, and almost dream themselves happy, in forgetting their cares, and borrowing excitement either from the dance or the view.

The villa is approached to its garden-gate by a broad, winding carriage-road, which terminates here; and from the moment of entering, the winding walk is continued through groves of flowers, oranges, and citrons. It is a perfect labyrinth of beauty and exquisite taste; the garden is on the steep declivity of a hill, and in the recesses of the rocks are rooms elegantly furnished, and so perfectly dry, that, in winter, there is not the slightest moisture on the sides. There is scarcely a plant of the tropics that does not flourish in this exquisite spot, and the whole far surpasses anything in the vicinity of Naples.

The Marchesa having built her house, and

arranged her gardens, having filled her aviaries, and placed beautiful statues to preside over her fountains, resolved that the recollection of the Romans should not be lost, and she very shortly outrivalled either Lucullus or Pollion in all but feeding her murenes on human flesh. She built a piscina—in former days every Roman who made a cistern, called it a piscina—it indicated a certain luxury, such as feeding the fishes on human flesh; and a man must have had considerable wealth to have paid so dear for the nourishment. It is recorded that one Roman condemned his slave to this horrid death, because the unfortunate man had broken a precious cup; but the order of Augustus stopped the horrid vengeance.

The Marchesa's description is the best, and somewhat curious, as to the manners of fishes. "About eight years ago I made the preserves for fish; to these preserves there are four entries from the sea, in order to keep the water continually changing. I put in, at first, large turbots and soles, and these I keep now in the smaller division of the preserves. I then added turtle, but I found they killed the turbots by lying on them, thus squeezing them to death,

for they never attempted to eat them. On the turtle moving, the dead turbot came to the surface, and when cut up and thrown in again, were devoured by the turtle. It was no use attempting to keep lobsters with the turtle, for the latter attacked them and bit off their claws. There are separate preserves for oysters and prawns, and the blue-winged fish called here cocci; and one preserve entirely devoted to the murenes, as they must be kept separate from all other fish."

These murenes, so celebrated in Roman history, find no favour in my sight or taste: they are very beautiful to look at, but they more resemble speckled serpents than fish. It is very true that these fish have been the subject of the love and the admiration of their owners. Seneca says, "that in one of his preserves he had a murene sixty years of age." Pliny says, "that Drusus put ear-rings in a murene, which he loved much;" and the famous orator, Hortensius, was so very fond of one of these speckled monsters, that it is recorded, "he wept for sincere grief when it died." It is an admitted fact that there is no accounting for taste; and I am willing that my taste should be despised on this subject. The flesh of

these water-snakes is said to be very delicate, but, at the best, it is but a speckled eel; and I loathe and abominate the whole tribe of snakes, either on shore or at sea, and have as great an aversion for a murene as I have for a boa constrictor.

The Marchesa does not keep the beauties of her own creation for herself alone; any person, by application, will receive a permission to visit the gardens, although the curious sight of the feeding of the fishes, and the interior of the castellated villa, is reserved for her more particular friends.

On the spot where the villa now stands, formerly stood some vast edifice, as the ruins, nearly three hundred yards in length, plainly indicate; and ruins of an aqueduct, arches, and baths of two thousand years old, still exist. Whatever might have been the building which now has given place to the modern construction, it never could have rivalled the villa in luxuries or in comforts.

Of a very different kind is the Villa Floridiana, which stands on the high ground of the Vomero, and overlooks the whole of the western part of Naples, commanding a view as far as Ischia to the right, to Sorrento, Cas-

tellamare and Vesuvius on the left. It is absurd to call this magnificent palace a villa; it has no other pretension to that humble name than that it stands in a garden. It was once a royal property, and was given by Ferdinand the First to his second wife, the Duchess of Floridia, and now belongs to the Prince Gerace. Like all Neapolitan villas which do not stand near the public road, the approach is most contemptible. If it is approached from the Strada Toledo, the road is steep, badly paved, and passes through a part of Naples to the Vomero, which would disgrace St. Giles'. At length, after turning and twisting through lanes which a laden donkey finds inconvenient, and nearly crushing dozens of children, whose affectionate mothers are busily employed at the Neapolitan labour of head-cleaning, the large gate of the entrance is gained: ten yards before reaching this gate, over which is written "Villa Floridiana," two carriages could only pass by the most consummate ability of the Jehus. Once inside, all the horrors of the road disappear, and the approach to the villa is by a broad tortuous road, kept in most excellent order, and passing through grounds laid out in the English manner.

Of the villa itself, little need be said. It is a palace, with its marble staircase and marble floors richly inlaid; the reception-rooms are magnificent, and could accommodate five or six hundred people with great facility. The western view from the balcony embraces all the classic shores of Baja, the Solfatara, the Camaldoli, even to Ponza, which is near Terracina. Above is the castle of St. Elmo and the church of St. Martino; below, the Chiaja, the Villa Real, and the various palaces which form and adorn the Chiaja. Very few sites in Europe can surpass this in beauty: the gardens are well laid out, but there are no fruit-trees; and the terraces are supported by high walls, more resembling the castellated fortifications than those of a gentleman's villa. From this point the Strada Nuova is seen—and it is seen in the same state it must have been two years ago—unfinished, neglected, and useless, although his Majesty did contrive to open it, and pass along it in his carriage. It is now far from being of any use, as communication by that means is perfectly impossible. A donkey may scramble over it, and a biped strain his ankles; but for a cart or carriage, or anything beyond a wheel-barrow, it

is useless. It is thus that the public works are neglected when shut out from private enterprise, and it will be years before it is of the use and convenience for which it was formerly designed. About twenty or thirty men seem occasionally sufficiently awake to handle a spade; but no one would believe the slow progress of the works, who did not himself visit the spot. Even when it is finished, it will not much contribute to make the approach to the Villa Floridiana more accessible. The road which leads to its entrance must remain the same; nor will a hundred years, at the present rate of improvement in Naples, ever widen the streets, or introduce small-tooth combs.

The Villa Floridiana is seldom inhabited—its proprietor is too rich to let it, and seems to dislike it as a residence, or to prefer some of his other palaces. Occasionally, some entertainments are given at this villa, and the royal family frequently visit it—but, occupied or not, the house is kept in the most exquisite cleanliness, and the grounds are in first-rate order. Here, of course, you see the sea, but it is far from your reach, and the descent to

it, and the ascent of the return, would occupy half a day.

If we look at any of the villas on the Portici side, you must find them on the paved road, like the Villa Nugent, and hundreds of others, which form the street; or you must drag up a deep, sandy, hot, narrow, and enclosed between two *walls*, lane. From the instant the high road is left, begin the difficulties of the cross-country roads. No proprietor has spirit enough, or perhaps money enough, to abate the evil. Once in his house, or parading his terrace, he forgets the difficulties he has surmounted, and lazily pursues his dolce far niente. None of these villas have an approach through the grounds, as at Floridiana; and a Neapolitan villa has not half as much country before its front door, as one of the Alpha Cottages, near the Regent's Park.

The Villa Farina, which inside is comfortable enough, is not an exception, and there is scarcely room to turn a carriage, and in many places there is not sufficient space, in the sandy, narrow lane which leads to the house, the front door of which opens upon this abomination. Neither are the gardens, with the exceptions before alluded to, *generally* worthy of

such denomination. In the Villa Farina, and which inside is one of the most comfortable I have seen—the view of the bay is contracted, and another proprietor has stuck up a miserable house, which effectually (excepting from one small room) shuts out even Vesuvius; the kind, civil, and hospitable Baron Farina, to whom the villa belongs, would hardly be able to see the burning lava which might flow to his destruction—and that is a luxury all men like. Upon the whole, the Neapolitan villa derives its delights more from the imagination than the reality. Those at Portici have, on the one hand, a house exactly opposite, shutting out the sea view; and on the other, the Castellamare railway between the house and the sea, thus shutting out the facility of bathing, or of the common enjoyment of walking on the shore. Some of the gardens, although formal, are pretty, and the orange and the lemon are rich and luxurious trees to English eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

SAINT GENNAAR.

Every city in Italy has its protecting saint —the prayers of the ignorant are divided between the blessed Virgin and that household god. It must be admitted by those who do not see through the spectacles of faith, that most of these saints were either very ugly, common-place people; or that those who manufactured them, "imitated Nature most abominably;"—and yet the Italians have had practice enough in the painting and carving of saints, to have made them a little better-looking than they are at present. Go down the long Florentine gallery, and out of the whole number of pictures which adorn the walls, you will not find thirty which have not some relation to saints and virgins. You may buy

holy pictures—as poor Forest was said to have bought his library—by the fathom. There is not a painter who is copying anything but a Holy Family; and one gets a certain apprehension that "too much familiarity may breed contempt." La Vergine con Bambino is just as common in the gallery, as the reverse is outside of it. Examine the big, hurly-burly statues of the saints, even in Saint Peter's, and remark what a muscular, veiny, lumbering set of saints they all are; it is impossible to look with veneration on that which is so unnaturally distorted; even the most quiet and respectable of the fraternity looks as if his legs were swollen from a game at football; and the impetuous saints more resemble so many Hercules in gladiatorial attitudes, than men preaching the doctrine of salvation.

But it is reserved to Naples to possess a saint who once or twice exhibits the fact of his decollation by the liquefaction of his blood; and much as ridicule has attacked this marvel, and although every author visiting Naples has more or less touched upon it, the miracle remains to be seen by faithful and unfaithful alike; and whilst the sceptical may sneer, the believer who is close to the rail of the altar,

having heard the lump of blood rattle in the Ampolla, sees it liquefy, and run backwards and forwards in the glass. It is very true that some heretics declare the liquefaction a base humbug, and assert that they can do the trick themselves ; nay, one representative of majesty is said to have exhibited the miracle in his drawing-room, to the satisfaction of all the disbelieving Protestants assembled.

No one will believe Alexander Dumas to be overcharged with faith ; and yet he distinctly declares, after having been so close to the priest and the Ampolla, as to have been able to touch either of them, and after the most undivided attention to what he previously considered a trick, he declares his belief in the genuineness of the miracle—not because he saw this red lump (and any one who sees the petrified wine in the Museum of Naples, and which exactly is similar to that in the Ampolla, may form a correct judgment of what it is) liquefy—but because he considers a greater miracle is involved in the impossibility of any fraud having existed for so many, many years, and no other juggler be able to imitate, or no loquacious priest to have divulged the secret.

If, as Hume says, there is a greater miracle in the belief of a miracle, than in the miracle itself, Monsieur Alexander Dumas may be excused for having borrowed the idea, and for acting up to it. My particular business is, however, with the Saint himself, and not with his blood; that a lump resembling the petrified wine is shewn and rattled in the Ampolla, and that after certain prayers, nay, sometimes as many as ten or eleven masses, this same lump liquefies and moves in the Ampolla, as blood would do in its natural state, is beyond contradiction—if it is done by the heat of the priest's fingers, or if heat by any other means is communicated, it is useless to discuss, since, as the Frenchman says, "the secret has been most miraculously kept;"—that it is believed by many, a true and genuine miracle, none will contend; and whilst the unbeliever treats it as a very successful piece of legerdemain, the fervent adorer of the patron saint, religiously places the most unbounded credence in it as a miracle.

Now to the saint himself. I pass over all the reasons why the Roman Emperor first condemned him to be eaten by wild beasts in the arena of the amphitheatre at Pozzuoli, and

that when these wild beasts, hungry as they were, and accustomed to be fed by human beings, first saw him, they shook their tails, as civilized people shake hands, as a kind of silent declaration of friendship.

It was no use tempting either lions or tigers. They show you their dens, the prison of the saint, now a chapel, in the amphitheatre, and every other particular of this human and animal concordance; the lions and tigers would not feed upon any such holy food, and the keepers were obliged to withdraw to a respectable distance, or the condescension of the wild beasts might not have been carried so far in their favour. Nay, it is even piously asserted, that the governor and the assembly were viewed in a very unfavourable manner, and if the animals could have overleaped the barriers, they would have had no objection to the heathens.

It was useless waiting any longer; the wild beasts only wagged their tails, and licked the saint's hands and feet; the Emperor had been struck blind, and cured, and all that could most clearly demonstrate the interference of divine authority, had been exhibited to its fullest extent. St. Januarius (now curtailed

into St. Genneir), if he escaped the beasts should not escape the sword; he was carried up on the slope of the Solfatara, and where a Capucine monastery, now called the monastery of St. Gennaar, at present stands. There the divine interposition ceased, and off went the head of the saint. They shew you the very spot, over which is a beautiful description of the whole affair in marble, and a marble slab denotes the very spot on which the saint, in pious resignation, allowed the decapitation. In a small chapel, directly behind this marble slab, is the very identical stone on which the saint was beheaded, and the very blood is still as distinct as the red lump in the Ampolla at Naples.

On Monday, 6th of March—as Byron says, "I like to be particular about dates"—having paid a visit to the lake D'Aguano, and thrust my head, for one carline, into the Grotto del Cane, I resolved to walk over the Solfatara, and send the carriage round to the amphitheatre, at Pozzuoli. It was on the descent towards the above-named town that we came upon this Capucine monastery of St. Gennaar, having with me two ladies of considerable beauty, who had surmounted the difficulties of

the Solfatara. We were, after some little delay, admitted into the church, and led with silent and religious step to the altar, on the left hand of which, was the marble bust of the saint—none of your copies, but the real, downright original bust of the saint; the date of which bust is, however, not known. His holiness had on his best dress, for he was prepared for a visit from the King and Queen, who were expected on the following day.

I should be very sorry to detract from the virtue of these Capucine friars; at first we only had two in attendance upon us; but it having been circulated in the holy retirement that two handsome ladies, one an Hungarian, of reputed beauty, the other an English-woman, were paying their respects to the saint, eight more came into the chapel; and whilst we listened with curiosity's best ear to the fable I am about to relate, I was perfectly aware that the eyes of our very handsome friar were not fixed upon me, the interpreter of the party, but upon the Hungarian beauty, in all the freshness of her eighteenth year.

It is requisite to add, that the variable Neapolitans have not always had St. Gennaar for their guardian saint; this gentleman

having been disgraced once, unshipped from his resting-place, and bundled into the sea. It was then that St. Anthony was promoted; but when the great eruption occurred, in 1631, and which destroyed two-thirds of Torre del Greco, Resina (built over Herculaneum), the village of Granaletto, and no small part of Portici—threatening Naples itself; then it was that St. Anthony, who has great authority over friars in general, but no control, as it appeared, over eruptions, could do nothing whatever to stop the fluid of the lava; and the inhabitants, justly incensed at such a powerless saint, addressed the decapitated St. Gennaar, who, although exceedingly sulky at having been superseded, at last listened to the prayers of his maccaroni-eating votaries, and commanded his statue, at the Ponta Maddalina, to raise his marble hand, which the statue *actually* did, as may be seen by the most sceptical any day of the week—Sundays included; the lava turned short round to the left, ran into the sea, and killed half the fishes in the Bay.

It must be said, for the honour of St. Januarius, that St. Anthony had nothing to do with the stopping the fiery lava; and

although this saint's statue stands exactly opposite to that of St. Gennaar, he never even had the common politeness to raise his marble arm in defence of the city, which might have been burnt, swallowed up, and destroyed, without his caring one straw about the concern. He was superseded, of course, as an incapable officer, and St. Gennaar was reshipped in authority; and there they both stand now, opposite each other, on the bridge. St. Anthony with a crucifix on his left arm, the right one, pointed to heaven; the saint's eyes fixed upon the cross, and evidently not at all concerned about the eruption; whilst St. Januarius, with a calm, dignified look, his eyes fixed towards the mountain, has his right arm extended to stop the destruction. After this excessive incapability and neglect of St. Anthony, he was handed over as the protector of cattle, as he evidently was unable to protect either human beings or human habitations.

For a man to reside in Naples and not trouble himself about its guardian saint, is an unpardonable negligence; and although in Blewit's Naples, and in Dumas' Corricolo, and everybody else's book, there is some account

of this saint, the facts are all distorted; that is, if there is any credence to be placed in what is called the authentic history* of this wonderful saint. It will be seen that the Capucine friars are dabs at the marvellous, and great, indeed, at invention; it will be remarked also, that the protectorship of the saint is not only confined to Naples, but to the whole kingdom.

Although so much is pretended to be known of St. Gennaar, there is no record of his birth, or of his age. And amongst the multiplicity of authors, only Camillo Tutini,† "*Senza appoggio di alcuna autorita scrisse,*" fixes the saint's age on the 19th September, 305, at forty, and a few days. He was born at Naples; "in this paradise of Italy—in this most agreeable garden of Europe, was born this flower, whose fragrance has perfumed the whole Catholic world." It is very true, that the Beneventans claim the saint, not only as their bishop, but their countryman; but

* Scritta dal Padre F. Girolamo Maria di St. Anna. Istoria della Vita, virtu, e miracoli di S. Gennaro, vescovo e martire, Principal Padrone della Fedalissema Cetta, e Regno di Napoli.

† Nelle memorie di St. Gennaro. cap. 1, fol. 5.

Girolamo Maria de St. Anna soon disposes of them and their claims, by quoting from the Greek manuscript in the Vatican, and founding the Neapolitan claim to the saint on the translation, in these words, "Diversarum Urbium, custodiebant corpora sanctorum, Januarii videlicet, et Sociorum, ut ea, nocte raptim tollerent, et in *Civitatibus suis sepelirent;*" therefore, as Gennaro was buried in Naples, there is an end to the Beneventan claims to the perfumed flower, who was buried in the Basilica, or cathedral, where he still remains.

Certain, however, it is, that great doubts were entertained as to the early life of the saint; the Beneventans still declaring him their bishop and saint, whilst St. Anna, to make his case good, declares that in all the old calendars, the 19th September, the *fête* day of the saint, is mentioned thus: "Sancti Januarii Episcopi Neapolitani." But all this squabble about his birth, parentage, and education, only proves that the saint was of no value until his head was cut off—and this is much the same with either political or episcopal martyrs. St. Gennaro, however, is declared to be of the ancient Gianuarj of the

Roman republic; a family held in great esteem, and who occupied the principal situations under the government, as is proved by many inscriptions, in Rome, Naples, Milan, Capua, Pozzuoli, also in Spain and other parts.

Cicero particularly mentions that most of the illustrious personages of the Roman Republic came to Naples to enjoy its beautiful climate, and hither came the illustrious family of the Gianuarj; and here was born the saint, having a very respectable set of relations—and being in very good society, there is a visiting list to prove this; for it seems requisite to establish that this great patron of Naples was no *parvenu*, but a gentleman of birth and parts; and thus indefatigable people in genealogy have published the names of his relations.*

The persecutions against the Christians, carried on for a space of ten years, under Dioclesian, were continued under his successor, Galerius, and hence have crept into the life of the saint a few errors; for whilst some declare he was executed under Dioclesian, the date of 305 A.D. fixes the reign of Galerius; and

* Nel discorso della Famiglia de Gennaro, fol. 248, &c.

this last emperor was a worthy successor of Dioclesian, of whom it is recorded that in one month he executed no less than seventeen thousand martyrs!*

St. Gennaar is admitted by all historians, to have been a most exemplary man; and his biographer, St. Anna, declares, "that his actions were unspotted—his life so notoriously innocent, that it is religiously believed he never committed one sin, but to the day of his death he retained his baptismal innocence." It is asserted, although his name is nowhere mentioned amongst the number, that he assisted at the famous council of the three hundred bishops, in the Grotto of Cleopatrensus, in the city of Sinvessa. This grotto was so small, that only fifty bishops could sit in it at a time—and owing to the persecutions then in force, the Christians were obliged to seek such retreats, to avoid detection; but three hundred bishops could not congregate without awakening the pagan vigilance—and hence this meeting led to further persecutions.

The Prefect Draconzius—called Draco—had well followed the injunctions of Dioclesian; but in the zenith of his power he was super-

* Apud Anastas. in vita St. Marcelli Papæ.

seded by the Prefect Timotheus,* who, in order to outstrip, if possible, his predecessor in cruelty, and to inaugurate his prefectship, consulted the list of the incarcerated, and found the names of Socio, Proculo, Eutichates, and Acuzio; he inquired why they were imprisoned, and was answered, that for a long time they had been confined in the city of Pozzuoli with St. Gennaar, Bishop of Benevento; the latter animating the others by his example, to uphold Christianity, to remain true to the faith they had adopted, and not to fear the threatening of tyrants. Timotheus hearing this, desired that St. Gennaar should be brought before him. Even here the historians are at variance as to the place of incarceration of Gennaar. Tutini and Gazzalii declaring that he was imprisoned at Beneventum;† others that he was confined in Cuma. Antonio Caracciolo fixes the place in the Campagna Felice; and this last is the most probable.

St. Gennaar was brought before Timotheus, who, well aware of the nobility of the prelate, addressed him in the following words:—

* Ex. Actis martirii St. Sofii.

† Nelle Memorie de St. Gennaro al capo 3. fol. 10.

"It is well known to me, O Gennaar! your nobility; and in consideration thereof, and in conformity with the orders of our most omnipotent Prince, I ask you if you will offer sacrifices to our gods, assuring you that, if you refuse, your body shall be grievously afflicted and tormented, so much so, that even your God, who you adore, shall be astonished and frightened."

Gennaar replied:

"Silence, unhappy man! and forbear, in my presence, to utter such impieties against the Creator of all things, that he, in his wrath, hearing such, may not strike you dead upon the spot!"

"And has your witchcraft and your God such power that, at your command, such could occur?"

"I am less than nothing," replied the saint; "but the true and only God, who sits upon his throne in the heavens above, can well resist you, and all those who obey your unjust orders."

"Take him to prison," said the prefect.

The next day, Timotheus having well observed the fearless bearing of Gennaar, and being satisfied that the bishop would not sa-

crifice to the heathen gods, or yield the least of his adopted faith—moreover, being hurt and enraged at the replies made to him—he *desired* a furnace to be heated for three days, and the saint to be thrown therein—this punishment being in accordance with the law in respect to magicians, or people practising witchcraft—an imputation laid upon all who were Christians, and who were supposed to have dealings with the devil. Some authors assert that Gennaar was flayed alive before he was thrown into the furnace.

Gennaar having made the sign of the cross, and lifted his eyes to heaven, walked into the furnace, and whilst therein, and not previously, as some authors assert, prayed as follows :—

" My Lord and blessed Redeemer, for the glory of thy holy name, I willingly submit to this bitter torment, and joyfully suffer this cruel passion, awaiting, with certainty, the promise made by thee to all those who love and serve thee. I pray thee to save me, thy most unworthy servant, and free me from the devouring flames, as, with thy omnipotent power, thou didst liberate from the Babylonian furnace the three saints, so that thy holy name

may be glorified, and thy enemies put to confusion."

The fire and the flames were unavailing. Gennaar, surrounded by angels, walked unhurt, praising and blessing the Holy Trinity.

The soldiers seeing Gennaar thus walking, informed Timotheus what had occurred; upon which the prefect desired the furnace to be opened, and Gennaar walked out, without his clothes being touched or his hair singed, although several pagans who assisted at this ceremony were burnt to cinders.

Again was Gennaar brought before the prefect, who said, "Great and powerful indeed, O Gennaar! are your incantations and magic, but again I tell you, that if you refuse to offer to our gods their just sacrifices, you shall surely die—and die in cruel torments."

"Thou canst not, O cruel and unholy tyrant! turn me from my God by all your menaces. I trust in him, nor do I fear the malice and the torments of men."

Again Gennaar went to prison, and, on the following day, in the chief place of the city of Nola, a tribunal was erected, and Timotheus having, with great pomp and parade, seated himself, he ordered Gennaro to be brought

before him, and commanded him to sacrifice to the heathen gods. Gennaar refused, saying, "that the prefect and all around must be aware of the power of that God which had rescued him from the flames; and warned the prefect that, at the great day of judgment, his temporary power would have ceased, and he himself would be thrown in the fiery pit."

Enraged at such an answer, the prefect ordered that the prisoner should be tortured, by having the nerves torn from his body, and the joints forced asunder—the mode of execution being by suspending the body of the delinquent by the arms, and then attaching heavy weights to the feet, called "plumbi damnatio;"* and then began the flagellation, and all manner of diabolical inventions of cruelty. The punishment was followed, in common cases, by death; but Gennaar put his faith in the Lord, and overcame it.

Here again the historians and biographers differ, some declaring the nerves were cut off the arms, and the bones disjointed; but it is maintained that two stone pillars long existed, to which the martyrs had been tied and sus-

* In Leg. 2 C. de exact. tribut.

pended, and which pillars were held in great veneration by the Christians.

The saint being again sent to prison, and the fame of his wondrous works having gone abroad, two of his greatest friends, Festus and Desiderio, both Christians, went to his prison, in the city of Nola: these two men were as firm in their belief as the saint, and set at defiance the malevolence of the pagans, who instantly informed the prefect. Again was Gennaar brought before him, and asked who those two men were?

"One is my deacon, and one my lecturer," replied Gennaar.

"Are they Christians?" asked Timotheus.

"They are."

"Bring them forth," said the prefect. "Now speak, men—do you really profess the Christian religion?"

"That is the faith which we profess, and for which we are prepared to suffer a thousand deaths."

"We shall see your constancy and your courage."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. GENNAAR.

THE affairs of the government required the attendance of the prefect at Pozzuoli, and in order the more to degrade the Christians and exalt his own greatness, he desired that Gennaar, Festus, and Desiderio should be chained before his carriage, and made to draw it.

It appears, from the writings of Lampridio and others, that the Romans made use of carriages, and those who have visited Pompeii have remarked the marks of the wheels which had worn away the pavement, the which pavement is exactly the same as that used in Naples to this day, although the latter is laid down with more care. But the carriages must have been narrow; nor was there space in any street of Pompeii for two carriages to pass.

The Roman emperors tied their captives to these wheels, or behind the carriage, but the prefect Timotheus made them draw him to the place of his destination, thus increasing the ignominy by yoking the men and beasts together.

Dumas, in his "Corricilo," has made the saint and his companions, animated by supernatural strength, gallop away with the prefect, and upset him; but the more accurate historian—if any one of the hundred is accurate—makes it appear that, the weather being hot, the prefect halted to refresh himself, and on that spot there stands to this day a small chapel: but if the chapel was built to record the short stay of the saint whilst the prefect reposed, or if it was built to keep in memory the first miracle of the liquefaction of the blood, is uncertain; it is asserted that, when the body of the saint was taken with the head from Marciano to Naples, the blood—to be mentioned hereafter—met the head at this place.

On the arrival of the prefect at Pozzuoli, the prisoners were placed in chains, and confined in the same prison where Sosio Proculo and others were incarcerated, by order of Draconzio, the predecessor of Timotheus. The

meeting of these Christians, their songs and spiritual hymns, their defiance of all tyranny, their glorying in their faith, was conveyed to the prefect, and reminded him of his neglected duty, and he resolved, if the fire and the "plumbi damnatio" failed, to find out some other way more cruel and more efficacious.

Pozzuoli, called by the Greeks Dicearchia, was famed for the magnificence of its harbour: it was the emporium of all the nations of the earth—a second Rome—"Pusilla Roma," and "Deleus Minor." It is supposed to have been the port of Cumea, the most ancient city of Italy. It was famous for its mineral waters, and for the softness and salubrity of its climate, "enjoying, in the depths of winter, one continued spring." The city was then worthy of its situation: it had its temples, its theatre, its circus, and its still more famous amphitheatre, called by some authors its Colosseum. It was in this latter place that Nero entertained Tiridates, King of Armenia, with gladiatorial exhibitions, and where the Roman tyrant, to shew his strength and skill, killed two bulls at the same moment by the stroke of his javelin.

Here Timotheus destined St. Gennaar to be

eaten by wild beasts—a sentence only passed on persons of the lowest order, slaves, or Christians—for the latter were reckoned the vilest of the vile. "Christiani ad leonem," or "Christiani ad bestias," being, according to Tertullian, very common in its application. Several martyrs, such as Ignasius, Ciprianus, Erasmus, and many others, according to Cardinal Baronio,* had suffered death in this manner.

The fame of St. Gennaar had spread abroad: the rumour of the fiery furnace, with the additional flaying alive, produced the usual curiosity; and thousands are said to have assembled to witness the devouring of a Christian, who, by some devilish magic, was proof against the furnace three days heated, and which had destroyed the guards who opened it for the release of the sorcerers. Timotheus, in all the pride of place, was present: the angry growl of the hungry beasts resounded, and an unusual excitement prevailed—for, in those days of Roman grandeur, the amusement of seeing human creatures torn to pieces was shared by all, the rich and the poor, alike. St. Gennaar

* In Annotationib. ad. Martyrol. Roman. die 1 Februar.

and his companions were summoned from their prison—it is at this hour shewn to the traveller, and is now a chapel in the amphitheatre, honoured and respected, but certainly not over-handsomely decorated by the faithful believers in their patron saint.*

"Now is the time," said St. Gennaar to his condemned companions, as he entered the arena, calm and dignified, making the sign of the cross, and fortifying his associates by his religious bearing. "Now is the time, my dear brothers, to embrace with fervour the shield of our faith, calling, with all confidence, on our Redeemer." The wild beasts roared, and rushed against the bars, and the prefect's eyes glistened; but no sooner were the savage animals let loose, than they became as lambs. They approached the saint, bowed their heads in token of submission, and laid themselves down at his feet.

At this extraordinary proof of the power of the Christian magic—for every act, however miraculous, or however demonstrating supernatural aid, was attributed to magic—the assembled crowd burst into shouts of astonishment and fear; and murmurs against the pre-

* Capac. in Histor. Neapol. cap. 24.

fect were heard so distinctly, that he, fearing some popular movement, ordered St. Gennaar and his companions to be removed again to their prison. They walked out of the arena untouched, nor did one of the savage beasts indicate the slightest movement.

To quote the thousand authors who have written on this extraordinary manifestation of divine interposition, would be useless—but it is thus that Giulio Cesare Capaccio burst forth, after declaring this spectacle to have far succeeded any other which had occurred in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli: — "O spectaculi celebritatem, ubi brutorum sanguis efferbuerat, bruta à sanctorum sanguine abstinere coguntur."—Poems were written—a little after the event, it is true, that is to say, some hundreds of years—on this subject, and here are two of the lines:

"Dira ubi fœnavit JANUARIUS ora leonum,
Qui blandè ad divos procubuere pedes."

Timotheus was far from being downcast at his failure; other saints had died by fire, wild beasts, and the sword; the two first had failed, but the last was generally efficacious. Another tribune was again erected in the

square of Pozzuoli, and in a loud voice declared—"That Bishop Gennaar, Socio, Proculo, Festus, Desiderius, Eutichetes, and Acuzius, who, notwithstanding the various tortures, still adhere to the Christian religion, and oppose themselves to the laws of the Emperor —We command that they be decapitated."

The intelligence of this sentence, far from discouraging the Christians, was a source of real joy—they considered their earthly trials past; one suffering alone remained, and not of long duration. The headsmen were strong, the swords sharp, the blow sure. But St. Gennaar demanded another proof of the power of that God he served, and his prayer is preserved entire. Nay, it will be remarked, that throughout this narrative, gleaned with great care, although no one seems to know where Gennaar was born, his age, or any thing about his early life; that all his sayings are *declared* piously preserved, even to the very words used—thus, in his supplication that the prefect should be struck blind, the following is a literal translation of the prayer.

"My beloved Saviour, who, to liberate the human race, deigned to descend from heaven upon earth, most humbly I beseech thee, that

thou wouldst take just vengeance upon this most cruel tyrant; who, refusing to follow thy holy inspiration, which were awakened in him, on the contrary, has thrown obstacles in the way of thy holy grace, turning many from the right road of eternal salvation. Take from him, oh sweetest Jesus, the light of his eyes, and make him to become blind, so that the faithful may open their eyes to the true light of thy holy faith."

Timotheus was accordingly struck blind; and when the executioners, rapid always in the savage duty imposed upon them, came to carry out the sentence, a messenger arrived, staying the execution, and demanding the presence of Gennaar before the prefect, who, writhing under the acute agony of blindness, thus addressed the saint, in the hearing of the astonished multitude:—"Deign, O Gennaar, from your great and powerful God, whom you serve, to intercede for me, so that the light be restored to my eyes, and free me from this most bitter pain, which so cruelly afflicts me."

Upon which, Gennaar lifted up his eyes, and prayed thus:—"Great and eternal God, who out of nothing formed the world, and from the vile dust created men, and to redeem whom

did send thy only Son into the world in mortal flesh, to suffer the most bitter passion and ignominious death on the cross. I prostrate myself before the throne of thy Divinity, and with earnest supplications I beseech thee to restore Timotheus to sight, and cure his blindness, as was done to Tobias, that this great concourse of incredulous people, seeing the omnipotence of thy power, may turn from darkness into light; leaving their false, idolatrous images, to serve thee, the only true and living God."

No sooner was the prayer finished, than Timotheus was restored to sight; and so great was the influence of this miracle, that five thousand people *are said* to have been instantly converted to Christianity. Nor was this all—with one accord the mob exclaimed, "The just man shall not perish! the *saint* shall not perish! or his God, with just vengeance, will pursue us." But Timotheus was a worldly man, and held a very good situation, which he was by no means inclined to lose, and which could be maintained, and his conscience satisfied, by decreeing the sentence in the usual form, as if emanating from

the Emperor, "Veritus maxime principum decreta."

Dioclesian had given, in his reign, an order to all prefects to put to death every Christian, and this cruel and infamous edict was to ease the convenient conscience of Timotheus; the concluding part being as follows: "Hac de causa edicimus, ut omnes Christiani, tam viri quam mulieres, per omnes urbes ac regiones, suppliciis acerbissimis subjiciantur, nisi diis nostris immolare — et errorem illum suum abjicere voluerint. Et si quidem paruerint, veniam illis dare volumus; sin minus, gladio percuti, et morte pessimâ puniri. Illum autem scitote, si nostra hæc divina edicta neglexerites, easdem, quas et illis dabimus, pænas vobis daturos."

It was therefore a clear case of evils, and Timotheus preferred the chance of heavenly vengeance to the certainty of an earthly one.

St. Gennaar was now led to execution: on his road a poor man threw himself at his feet, and implored him to give him some part of his dress.

The saint replied:—"I give you my promise, that after my death, I will give you this bandage, which will relieve you of your suffer-

ings; with this bandage I will bind my eyes for my execution."

The last moment had arrived. Gennaar first knelt down—then resuming his standing position, he bound his eyes. After praying fervently, he made a sign to the executioner to perform his duty, by putting his hand on his neck. The sword was raised, and such was the violence of the blow, that with the head was severed also the finger of the saint. His companions were all executed immediately afterwards; and as far as the fact of the decapitation of these pious people, scarcely a doubt can remain on the mind of the most sceptical.

Again and again, it has been asked, why the sword should be more efficacious than the fire or the wild beasts? Two reasons are selected, rejecting, of course, that of Dumas, for which there is not a shadow of evidence amongst the graver historians; namely, that when the executioner went to lift his sword, he found it impossible so to do, although he used his greatest strength, nor could he succeed, until Gennaar himself gave him leave; indeed, ordered the sword to be obedient. This excessive veneration for the laws of Dio-

clesian, is nowhere mentioned; and such civility on the part of the saint, if only as regarded his companions, is most improbable —it is quite sufficient to have one's head cut off, without finding the means for the execution to do it—and Dumas, after declaring his belief in the liquefaction, could scarcely have written it in ridicule. The two reasons assigned are—firstly, that the execution might fail, from the incapacity of the headsman—and therefore no miracle would be performed. Secondly, because the sword, "Est legitimum ordinariumque justitiæ ultricis instrumentum;" and that God permitted that the sword, in consequence of its being the legal instrument of punishment, should have its effect, although the condemnation should have been from a pagan and iniquitous judge.

The saint was beheaded on the Solfatara mountain, so named, from the abundance of sulphur found there. The place, by the pagans, was dedicated to Vulcan, who had particular devotion paid to him in the month of September; and as the saint was beheaded in that month, and on the spot sacred to Vulcan's rights and ceremonies, it has been said

that the wicked tyrant offered this innocent victim to the false divinity.

The first miracle—for now the real miracles of the saint begin—was the delivery of the bandage after death to the poor person before named, who hid it carefully in his bosom. The executioner and his assistants passing shortly afterwards, reviled the poor man for his credulity, and asked if he had received the promised gift.

"I have," replied the beggar; "it is here," drawing it forth, still wet with the blood; "you can recognize as well as myself if this is the bandage—or not." It was admitted by the executioner to be the same, to his great astonishment.

On the day of the execution, Timotheus was taken ill, and died in miserable torments; and his charitable biographer declares, he went to the infernal regions, there, to all eternity, to suffer for his cruelty.

It is recorded, that a woman—but nobody pretends to say of what country, or of what name, although Gabriel Lottero hints that she might have been Neapolitan—managed, by some extraordinary means, to save the blood of the saint—or some of it—in two phials

called by the historians, Ampolle; in one of which, the blood which was pure from any dirt, was placed, and in the other phial two small pieces of straw were mixed with the blood; and this is the blood which, on being brought near the head, liquefies.

CHAPTER XV.

SAINT GENNAAR—THE TRANSLATION.

It now became requisite to bury the saint and his companions; and their bodies were claimed by their respective countrymen, St. Gennaar being the property of the Neapolitans. And now another miracle was performed; for whilst the men slept who were to take the body and bury it, St. Gennaar himself appeared to one of them, and said, "I warn you, my brother, when you bury my body, not to forget my finger;" and so sure was the man of the vision, that he immediately searched for, and recovered the finger, which was buried with the body. The saint was evidently afraid that his finger might fall into pagan hands, and contribute to their superstitious rights.

It was the custom of the early Christians

to bury the bodies of their saints and martyrs embalmed with aromatic odours and abundant perfumes. Tertullian mentions the great expense lavished on such occasions; and it is believed that the same ceremonies were performed for St. Gennaar, which it is well known were practised for others.

It is now our duty to inquire if the Neapolitans possess the bones of their guardian saint; for these bones have five different times been moved. The first was from the Solfatara to Marciano; the second, from Marciano to Naples; the third, from Naples to Beneventum; the fourth, from Beneventum to the monastery of Monte Virgine; and the fifth, from Monte Virgine to the city of Naples. It will be found that the saint never allowed his bones to be moved without some miracle. It appears, the first translation was in the year 334, and that the ceremony was performed with great splendour, and very numerously attended.*

This all seems very authentic, but unfortunately, Giovine Diacono must interfere with the dead man's bones, and fixes their translation during the bishopric of Naples

* In Lib. Episc. Neap. fol. 25.

under Giovanni the First, which began in the year 381; and about one hundred authors, more or less, have ranged themselves on the different sides; so that it is quite clear, if the translation took place with bones said to be St. Gennaar's, in 334, the said bones could not have been translated again in 381; and if a translation did take place in 381, great doubt must exist if the saint's bones were the first or the last—or either. So that, as to positive fact, we lose sight of the real bones at the first translation.

It appears that Prince Arechi the Second had collected the bones of fifty saints, and deposited them, with becoming gravity and honour, in Beneventum, the capital of his vast dominions. After some years, he was succeeded by the Duke Sicone, who waged war against Naples, and advancing his large army, surrounded the town; he, like his predecessor, was a great collector of saints, and hearing that St. Gennaar's body was somewhere in Naples, he resolved to get possession of it, being himself ignorant of the resting-place; but he soon found a person well informed, with whom he sent many men to seize the cherished spoil. On opening a certain tomb, the most delicious

perfume arose—which was so evident to all, that the most courageous began to tremble; but they recovered their courage, and stole the bones, which were, with great reverence, placed in a sumptuous tent. No sooner was the saint deposited in this military abode, than so vast a concourse came to worship him, and so great was the noise, that the earth began to shake.

The people within the city, feeling this vocal and instrumental earthquake, and seeing the concourse of the faithful, began to inquire the cause; when *a certain* man delivered himself of the dismal news, saying: "Our country is lost; for our father, St. Gennaar, who so long defended and protected us, is, for our sins and ingratitude, carried away."

The Duke Sicone handed over the relics to Gutto, Bishop of Beneventum, and the relics shared the same fate as the fifty others already mentioned. The whole account of this resurrection act of the Duke Sicone will be found in the library of the church, at Beneventum.

It will be remembered, that the body of St. Gennaar was in the church of St. Severo, *outside* the walls of the city, and therefore

within the grasp of the invading armies; otherwise it would be evident that the saint was a consenting party to his removal, and, indeed, the "fragrance of the sweetest odour" seemed to indicate his abode, and invite the desecration; but here again we meet difficulties not easily overcome; for Paolo Regio* and Scipio Ammirato† both declare that Sicone *entered* the city, and took the body of the saint from the cathedral. The body, although a very sweet-scented one, could not have been in two places at once; and therefore, it is impossible to say, if Sicone ever got the real saint after all; but it is right to state, that all the conflicting historians seem to agree as to the fact, that some relics, supposed to be those of St. Gennaar, were taken to Beneventum—but where they were taken from, is fiercely disputed; and it is now perfectly impossible to settle the question, although the miraculous fragrance may, perhaps, give the preference to the church outside of the walls; aud there being no historical proof that Sicone took Naples, although he besieged it—it is well known that the Basilica, or the church

* Nella Vita de St. Gennaar al capo 6.

† Nel libro dei Duchi di Benevento.

built in honour of St. Gennaar extra mœnia, by the Bishop St. Severo, was the resting-place, for many years, of a body supposed to be that of the saint.

This second translation had its miracles. A poor man had lost his horse—his whole fortune—he prayed the saint that he might recover it; suddenly the voice of a child was heard coming from the midst of the army, saying, "Go to a certain place, and you will find your horse;" and the man went, and found the horse.

As the saint was conducted to Beneventum, the most fragrant smell came from the body, which lasted more than three hours after the body had passed. The body had to pass a river; the men bearing the sacred relics seemed suddenly so far distant, that Bishop Gutto could scarcely overtake them; and when he rebuked them for this indecent haste, he was answered, "that it appeared they carried no weight, and seemed themselves to advance without touching the ground."

On the 23rd October, the body entered Beneventum—and to this day the translation is celebrated on the above date; the body was first placed in the church of St. Festus,

and afterwards removed to the cathedral; whereupon more miracles were performed. A young woman was paralyzed on the right side, and could not move the right arm; she was brought before the altar, on which the Duke Sicone had placed his crown, studded with jewels, as a present to the saint, and prayed St. Gennaro to cure her; whilst the men who carried her (as usual during the miracles) fell asleep.

Suddenly, a holy priest stood before her; with her left hand she covered her eyes, to avoid the brilliant light which surrounded the figure; the right arm was lifted by the priest; upon which the girl shrieked, awoke the sleepers, and stood perfectly cured. She had a husband—a grateful man; he ordered that a lamp might be kept constantly burning before the altar, and gave money to the clerk, in advance. The clerk pocketed the money, and forgot the oil; but miraculous oil was poured in to overflowing, which fell upon the floor of the church; and this oil worked many miracles—the lame walked, the blind saw, and every cripple was restored to health.

In 1154, it was found that the saint's abode was not kept with becoming cleanliness,

and the relics were removed to the monastery of Monte Virgine; the mountain, it appears, was formerly called Monte Virgiliano, where Virgil was once supposed to have resided. Poets in those good days were not poor poets; but it is agreed by all commentators, that St. Gennaar was taken there, although, as in all former translations of this saint, there is great discrepancy as to time, some placing the date in 1266; Bernardino, 1240. The most plausible reason given for the translation is, that Frederick the Second, in 1240, devastated the whole territory of Beneventum, and in the month of May, 1241, he destroyed the whole town; it was just before the town was besieged that the saints were removed. All this is plausible enough, but the marvellous is added to the historical. A countryman, after the destruction of the city, went to the Pizza, which he found filled with people, most splendidly dressed, and talking together. Astonished at this sight amongst the ruins, he asked one of the number who they all were, and what they were doing.

"That," said the person addressed, pointing to one more conspicuous than the rest, "is St. Bartholomew; the others are saints

who all had churches in the city, and they are now discussing what ought to be the punishment of that man who has thrust them from their former habitation; and they have concluded and decided, that he shall be taken before the Supreme Judge of all, to receive his sentence."* A very few weeks afterwards, Frederick was suffocated in his bed by his son, Manfred. And this, says St. Anna, "raccontano molti gravi Autore" !!†

Leaving aside the marvellous, and endeavouring only to write *facts*, the difficulty becomes obvious, when there exists amongst the numerous writers on this saint, no less than one hundred and ten years difference of time as to the transaction—a lapse so enormous, that all faith in the bones must be destroyed.

We now come to the most important of all the translations, that of the body, or bones of St. Gennaar, from the monastery of Monte Virgine to the city of Naples. It is admitted, even by St. Anna, that for two hundred and twenty years, no one ever thought of St. Gennaar; that the monks who at Monte Virgine

* Rapportati da Mario Vepera nel libro della Cronologia degli Arcivescovi de Benevento, nel fogl. 122.

† Libro i. cap. 16, fol. 111.

first received the relics, dug a deep hole, and hid the relics, afterwards building the great altar over the place. The first monks having died, and a second, third, and fourth generation having passed, the secret of the resting-place died also—the successors of the first monks only having a tradition that the body of the saint was somewhere, but nobody knew where.

In 1480, Giovanni de Aragona, son of King Ferdinand I., was at the head of this monastery, and resolved to embellish the church; and after removing the altar, the ground sounded hollow beneath. Excavations were made, and amongst a quantity of bones, enough for a regiment of saints, a stone was found, with this inscription :—" Corpus S. Januarii episcopi Beneventani Martyris." This discovery created great joy in Naples, to which place the news was soon conveyed, and great was the resolve again to possess the relics of their countryman and protector. In consequence of the popular wish, Ferdinand I. addressed a letter, a copy of which is preserved, to Pope Alexander VI., dated 26th January, 1490; stating that, as the head and the blood of the saint were at Naples, he re-

quested also to have the body.* Some time elapsed, owing to the wars; but ultimately, Alexander VI. empowered Alexander Carafa, the Archbishop of Naples, to remove the body, and Carafa set forth, with most of his clergy, to perform the work. The monks, in the meantime, heard that they were to lose the saint. Saints are sources of great profit, and they resolved to resist, shutting and securing the doors of both church and monastery, and putting themselves in a posture of defence; and the better to insure their treasure, they took the body of one of the saints, which they supposed to be that of St. Gennaro, and buried it in a thick wood. The archbishop, finding so great a resistance to his entry into the church, wrote to the king for five hundred infantry; to which the king consented, and the monastery was taken by assault. The body was given up to the archbishop, who, having celebrated a mass, made all the monks swear, by the most holy sacrament, that they had delivered up the right saint—the only St. Gennaar; and the archbishop, to make security by oath—security by facts, had all the limbs measured; the right arm with the left,

* Letter of King Ferdinand.

the right foot with the left, so that no other intruding saint, who had lost his head also, should mingle his bones with those of St Gennaar; and thus the archbishop, having packed the bones—for it is evident they were no longer attached to the body, or there would have been no occasion to measure them, but merely to have fitted on the head and finger—the bones were collected in an urn of terra cotta, in which was a sheet of lead, whereon was inscribed, "Elena, madre dell' Imperador Costantino."

The archbishop set out on his return to Naples; having covered the urn with crimson velvet, he had it attached to his saddle bow; and when near Naples, he dismounted, and carried the relics himself to the cathedral, and deposited them at the great altar. It happened that the plague was raging at Naples; but, of course, no sooner had the guardian of the city arrived, than the plague ceased.* Here, again, all the authorities differ. Caracciola declaring this last translation to have happened on the 17th January, 1494; St. Anna in 1496, and Tutini in 1497; thus rather shaking the miracle of the plague. Tutini's

* St. Anna, p. 132.

opinion seems to have prevailed, for the Neapolitan church celebrated the anniversary of the 13th January — the day on which this author fixes the arrival of the bones in Naples; and here they have remained ever since. In those days cholera was not invented; and when it came, sweeping away more than 3,500 in a day, St. Gennaar was quite abroad, and knew nothing of the malady. It is marvellous that the Neapolitans have no saint for diarrhœa, and they might work up St. Joseph for cholera.

The saint being now in his proper place, began to protect the city, which, according to some accounts, he had done just as efficaciously when his bones were at Monte Virgine; for whatever army was defeated, or whatever sickness was cured, the guardian saint, although strangely neglected by his countrymen, had due consideration for their afflictions and dangers. St. Gennaar stopped the plague in 1527, also in 1656, after a solemn promise had been made before his relics, to build a hospital for the poor; and in 1691 he again interfered — his best friends admit that he allowed the plague to come on account of their sins, and sent it away when they were peni-

tent. It is quite marvellous how many earthquakes the saint desired to keep at a respectable distance; and ever since the Neapolitans built a church and a Capucine monastery at Pozzuoli, and dedicated them to St. Gennaar, no earthquake has occurred, although Naples has not been so fortunate as to escape.

In 1599 and 1600 it rained incessantly, producing all manners of disasters—but directly the head and blood of the saint were walked about the town, the heavens became clear, the dying ceased to die, and the sick to be sick—at least, so says Genovese, Bishop of Monte-Marono. What with the fire, the earthquake and the rains, the sickness, the bad harvests, the eruptions, and all adversities and dangers, this saint has been well occupied during his residence in Naples—but his master-work remains untold. It is, that never in Naples has the saint allowed the slightest heresy to take root, not even for a second.* Here alone has true Catholicism been triumphant, untainted by the smallest heresy; and this is entirely through the power of the

* Tutini, nelle Memorie de St. Gennaar.

saint;* this is the most *faithful* city; it has only had thirty-seven revolutions! this the unpolluted soil of the true faith, although the Jews are plentiful, and a chapel for every religion exists!! But further still, Theodoric the Goth wanted to place his statue in Naples; the ground refused to bear the weight, and the statue fell the instant it was erected.†

We have nothing left but to join in the prayers of the faithful; thank the saint for his guardian protection, and to solicit him to continue the same during our residence in the city.

* "Sola Næapolis monstrum non habuit," is written over one of the gates.

† Procopius in Bello Gothico, and P. Masculus, lib. 8 de Vesario.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. GENNAAR—THE MIRACLE.

The somewhat difficult task of collecting the saint's blood by the pious women, and of its being deposited in the Ampolla in the church of St. Gennaar extra mœnia, and now in the cathedral of Naples, has been mentioned. It is asserted and believed, by all Neapolitans —or else heresy has crept in—that this blood, when placed near the head of the saint, however hard it may be, liquefies, and gushes as if it were fresh spouting from the veins.*

Of this "quotidianum miraculum," according to Cardinal di Luca, many authors have written; and in the Brevario Romano, it is given forth to the world, as the most wonderful of all miracles; and most wonderful it is,

* St. Anna, p. 168.

if it be true. It will be remarked, that it is very questionable if the bones belong to the saint, and the blood only rests upon the testimony of one woman, and that woman's name, or even country, is unknown — the blood, therefore, must be witness for itself; and if in reality it does boil and bubble, without human legerdemain, when it is approached to the saint's head, and that no other blood will do the same—there must be admitted a very great consanguinity. It will be remembered, that this miracle far surpasses all of modern times—twice a year it is performed, and twice every year has a cathedral congregation the power of closely investigating it. It could scarcely be more public if it were done in the Largo del Castello, or the Largo del Palazzo; it is beyond all doubt fairly exhibited, "and to doubt it," says a learned author, "is to doubt the light of the sun, or that the sun was in the heavens."*

The liquefaction is esteemed as a proof that the saint is contented with his votaries, and that no danger for the most faithful city, or anywhere near it, is at hand. On the other side, if the blood remains congealed, then be-

* P. Sylvest.

ware, oh, ye faithful, for some great calamity approaches. It is recorded by many writers, that the blood would not liquefy in 1527, when the capture and the sack of Rome occurred;* nor in 1550 and 1558, when many towns and cities of Calabria were invaded and pillaged by the Turks.† Nor in 1569, when a famine occurred, and thousands died, the price of provisions being far beyond the means of the poor. In more modern days the blood did not liquefy, and great calamities occurred, an accurate account of which will be found registered in a book carefully preserved in the sacristy of the chapel in Naples.

It has frequently been found that the blood was in a liquid state before it was placed near the head, and this is another sad presage of misfortune; nor will the blood, in such cases, become hard until the danger is passed. Thus, in 1556, during the war of Paul IV. and Philip II., the blood never became hard until peace was restored, and the city and the kingdom were freed from the calamity, as is recorded by Costo and Tuteni. Again, in 1631,

* Carac: ne Sagri Monumenti Silos. nell Istor: de Cherici.

† Davide Romeo nella vita di St. Gennaar, p. 54.

when the great eruption occurred, the blood was in a liquid state, "until," as Tuteni remarks, "the saint had obtained, by his intercession, a promise of the security of Naples."

The principal object in mentioning these reported facts, is to show that the blood changes, and is not always in a congelated state; and it will be seen that, not unfrequently, when in a fluid state, it becomes instantly congealed; so that the idea of heat being communicated in order to ensure the liquefaction, becomes more difficult of belief; for although the heat of the hand *might* occasion the liquefaction, it is hard to believe that any hand, however cold, could congeal it.

There are records enough of these sudden changes; thus, the blood has been placed near the head, and would not liquefy; it was discovered that some heretics were in the church, and they were expelled. Instantly the blood acknowledged the contentment of the saint, and became liquid; but some of the heretics, amidst the joy of the multitude at the performance of the miracle, rushed in to see it, when instantly the blood became congealed; and thus does Celano, who was present in the

church—nay, himself was the priest performing the miracle — relate what occurred:* "It happens sometimes that the blood does not liquefy, because heretics are present; and such occurred when I myself assisted at the holy altar, the sacred relics being thereon; then came certain persons from foreign parts to see the miracle, and I presented them the ampolla to kiss, the blood being liquid, when instantly it became hard. The crowd expressed their astonishment, and great was the consternation, when one of the assistant priests, in his zeal, exclaimed, 'There are heretics here! Go out, ye who are not of the faith!'—and as they withdrew, the blood again instantly liquefied—and this has *frequently* occurred." Neither does it follow that the priest is to hold the ampolla, or in any way touch it, to cause the liquefaction, or even to be near it, as is recorded in the case of the Duke of Mantua; for he alone approached the altar, and prayed fervently, when he beheld the blood liquefy, and took the ampolla in his hands, to ascertain it.

It is, of course, needless to add, that this miracle has been the cause of many conver-

* Nella giornata, delle sue notizie, p. 141.

sions to the Catholic faith; even Turks have forsaken their Prophet, and become Christians; and the Jesuits have turned St. Gennaar to great account. It would be useless here to add any of the thousand inscriptions on monuments in honour of St. Gennaar.* The saint has triumphed over St. Anthony, and is religiously believed the guardian saint of Naples; and for any further description of the ceremony of the liquefaction, the reader may refer to Mr. Valery, the Earl of Perth, the account given by Charles VIII. of France, and Dumas's entertaining embellishments — and bear in mind that, however much they, as Protestants, may ridicule it, that they will receive as an answer, "Come and see it yourself, and then deny it if you can."

It is impossible, they add, who are sincere in their belief, that this miracle could have continued for fifteen hundred years, when chemistry could have had but little influence, that any coarse trick could have been kept a secret for generation to generation; that, moreover, it is not only one priest who handles these

* In Rome will be found this inscription on the Gregorian Gate: "Sancti Januarii Sanguis Neapoli ebullit."

ampolla, but half the fraternity; and that, if any secret did exist, it would long since have been divulged.

In order to show how that which is marvellous may become marvellous in the extreme, we return to the Capucine monastery of St. Gennaar, on the Solfatara, and listen to the handsome brother's description of the statue dressed for the reception of his Majesty.

It must be remembered that the following account is not given from the lips of a lazzaroni, or an idle and frivolous woman, but from the mouth of a priest, standing at the altar of his God, with, at any rate, three heretics and a dozen of the Roman Catholic faith for his attentive listeners.

"This statue," he began, "is the real statue of the saint, made directly after his martyrdom, and supposed to be an exact resemblance. You see it testifies as to the decapitation and the loss of the finger; and you will, moreover, remark that the nose has been broken off and replaced."—(The priest went into the account, already given, of the furnace, the wild beasts, and the decapitation.)—"Here," he continued, "is the spot where the head was taken off; this is the stone on

which the blood ran; whenever the blood liquefies in Naples, at the same moment drops of blood come on this stone"—(a light was put in between the wires and the stone with the blood-colour exhibited.)—"The Signori doubtless know that the Neapolitans once shewed the blackest ingratitude towards this their patron, and, forsaking him, treated him with contempt, and threw this statue into the sea, raising up St. Anthony as their protector, and doing great honours to that saint.

"After the great eruption, the horrors of the burning lava being turned into the sea by the marble arm of the saint being raised, St. Gennaar, of blessed memory, was restored; and many fishermen went to recover this statue, which had been thrown into the sea. It so happened, however, that one pious fisherman, who would not desert this saint, went out in his boat on the night of the day when the statue was thrown into the water, recovered it, and kept it carefully preserved in his house; but, when the statue was thrown into the sea, the nose was broken off, and the fisherman returned it to this monastery mutilated as you observe it was.

"The saint was placed upon the pedestal,

as you see him now; but it was remarked that the colour of the face changed occasionally, as if he were displeased; but on a conversation being held as to the necessity of getting a nose, the colour changed to the natural marble. Orders were given to a statuary at Naples to make a new nose; the artist came and measured the face, that he might make one of proper proportions. In a few days the friars received injunctions to attend, in order, duly by prayers and devout supplication, to worship the saint, and to ascertain if such a nose was to his liking; but great indeed was the astonishment of the brotherhood, for no sooner had the artist approached the statue than the head moved about—(as the head had been cut off, it had, of course, more facility of motion) —so rapidly, that it was found impossible to fix it on, and a clap of thunder soon warned the artist to retire.

"This miracle was soon known in Pozzuoli and Naples: in the first town the fishermen and the divers set to work to find the nose; and, in the latter city, all the most celebrated artists made noses. The fishermen in their nets only tore them over the rocks, or brought on shore pieces of stone, which were immedi-

ately cast again into the sea. Every artist who came with either a Grecian or Roman nose, experienced great difficulties even in coming to the church, and, when in, the statue positively refused to try on the nose. The cities were in great dismay, for the statue was again changing colour. The fishermen and artists renewed their labours, with the same result; but, one evening, when it was more than usually dark, a boat came into Pozzuoli after a wearied day's exertion;—there were a very few fish, and some loose stones. The fish were soon landed, and some children got in the boat, and commenced throwing the stones overboard, when suddenly a child (name, like her's of the blood, unknown), of only six years of age, held up a small piece of marble, and said, 'This is the nose of St. Gennaar.' The words were re-echoed through the town; a vast concourse, with torches, singing hymns, advanced towards this chapel; the whole order of friars stood ready to receive them; and the nose, placed on a crimson velvet cushion, was brought to the portal. That instant the statue assumed the exact colour of the nose; and when it was presented to be placed, the statue remained as still as death, and the nose

was put on. You see it is the exact colour —no human art could have matched it so exactly."

I confess I thought both the finger and the nose of different colours, but I am a heretic; but others nodded assent, and seemed satisfied.

"Does the statue ever change colour now?" I asked.

"Very frequently," replied the Capuchin; and to this assertion, the others bore full witness. "I have seen it, when the people have offended the saint, or some calamity was at hand, turn entirely black! Very frequently it gets a dark yellow; but you see now it is nearly its natural colour."

"Does it ever blink its eyes?" I asked; "for in France, lately, a picture has done this."

"I never saw this," said the friar; "although I have seen them change colour often."

"It could not be by accident—the rays of the sun?"

"It is the saint's will—and nothing else."

I confess, it required great command of feature not to smile; but, certainly, as far as

I had the honour of the saint's acquaintance, he was of a perfectly statue-like colour, and therefore, I presume my scepticism did not offend him.

Amongst the group who listened with wonder at this relation, there stood a tall soldier, a serjeant, who betrayed not the slightest emotion, but who seemed, from his steadiness, to consider himself under review of the martyr. Having paid the Capuchin six carlini, which I thought might buy a few masses for his soul—as that was in great jeopardy if he told this uncommon humbug to everybody — we left the church, and walked towards the amphitheatre; but somehow, attracted by the immoveable face of the serjeant, I began a conversation with him.

"Is this story we have heard generally credited?"

"Eccellenza, si," he said, with great surprise.

"Do you believe it?" said I.

"Why, I have seen it myself."

"What! have you seen the statue turn colour?"

"Yes, and I have seen the blood flow in the stone when the miracle of the liquefaction took place in Naples."

"But have you ever seen the miracle itself?"

"I have been the soldier on duty, placed to give the signal from the gun to be fired from St. Elmo when the miracle was performed, and I have seen the blood as hard as a stone, become liquid, as close as I see you;" and he put his long face within a foot of mine. "Nor is this all," he continued; "for I have seen the same instantaneous effect of the miracle at Pietra Grotta."

"Sometimes," I asked, "the miracle is a long time before it is performed?"

"I have known the masses begin at ten o'clock in the morning, and the miracle not be performed until nine at night, although all the family of the saint abused him for the delay, and the people became downcast and miserable, believing some great calamity at hand; and, doubtless, sua eccellenza knows that often the miracle is not performed, and then come eruptions—earthquakes—famines—fires—and deaths of great and pious men."

"And how is the fact of a person pretending to be of St. Januarius' family established? for it is nowhere mentioned in any of the works written about him, that he left any

family; and when he was given over, after his execution, he was given to his countrymen—not his relations."

The serjeant looked at me as the veriest heretic that ever walked on two legs; and when I offered him two carlini at the gate of the amphitheatre, he resolutely refused, and seemed glad to part with the devil himself.

It is very easy to comprehend the excessive ignorance of a people who, from their infancy, are crammed with such preposterous nonsense, especially when, independent of the priest, whose object it is to shut out the light o reason and reflection—the idle tale is confirmed by a soldier, who declares he was on duty, and was an eye-witness. I will venture to say, that there is not one *poor* person—I mean those of the lower classes—that does not believe in the entire history here related, and fifty thousand times things more fabulous of the saint; but I should be very sorry to say that the Neapolitan gentlemen *all* believe it. That some do, I know, for I have had frequent conversations about the wonders of the saint, and the power of a jettatrice; and felt a curious creeping through my blood when I have heard men of some pretensions to

learning admitting their belief boldly, or evidently afraid of the heresy of renunciation; besides, when a miracle is publicly performed, when the whole city is in commotion if the liquefaction is delayed, when fear and apprehensions of misfortunes follow the delay,—it must be evident that the miracle is generally believed, or otherwise there would be no shouts of rejoicing when the gun was fired, announcing the success—or excessive depression when it failed; this belief is inculcated from youth —from the first dawn of opening reason; and the general dark superstition and ignorance, which are so commonly remarked by all foreigners, is the result.

I have mentioned elsewhere the same superstition of either beggars or small dealers, who are kept in that blessed state by the priests, who sell them printed portraits of the saints; and I have often seen the beggars, when they get a grano, kiss the paper saint in their hats. This only is true as regards the actual cripple; those who infest the streets, hang about the church-porches, or rush at the carriages, believe much more in their powers of annoyance than in the power of the paper saint; and heaps of these miserably executed repre-

sentations are seen in the shops, and sell well.

It is the grievous system of education, entirely conducted by the priests, which has kept in darkness what the first superstitious ages implanted; and these priests, having such unbounded influence over the weak minds of the people, are resolved to hold them in worse bondage of mind than the most cruel tyrant could invent for their bodies. It may be that certain sovereigns entertain the same opinion as one of England, who said, "No bishop, no king," and thus keep up the delusion—for so it is.

In this most beautiful spot, where Nature has lavished all her charms, where fertility of soil scarcely needs the assistance of the plough, where every blessing seems to be spontaneous—Man—man, as the poet says, "is the only plant that dwindles here;" and certainly, under the knowledge of this degradation of the mind, whilst other nations are daily progressing in civilization, whilst the Protestants of the Western hemisphere are surpassing most of the old governments of Europe, and founding the most potent empire of the world,—the true believers in the superstition

of the dark ages have very little to pride themselves on the falsehood, that Naples has never suffered from the wizard of heresy, or that they have gained much by having their eyes bound with the dark bandage of superstition, exclaiming, as they pass the gate,

"Sola Neapolis monstra non habuit."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MUSEUM OF THE MARQUIS ST. ANGELO.

Before making some few remarks upon the Royal Museum, it would be as well to conduct the reader to that of the Cavalierè St. Angelo, in the Pallazzo St. Angelo, and to bestow the humble meed of praise from a traveller who is not content with paying his homage at this shrine of learning and refinement, but is more eager to acknowledge his great obligation for the continued kindness and attention of this family.

A personal introduction to the Cavalierè will be followed by an invitation to visit the Museum, and the stranger will be accompanied by the owner, whose kind and affable manners, his deep and thorough knowledge of the subject in question, will not only place the

visitor at his ease, but will make him acquainted with the lives and vicissitudes of painters and artists, and add to his previous knowledge a further store of useful information.

This Museum was begun about 1798, by the grandfather of the present Marquis St. Angelo. In that year the Neapolitan noblemen and gentlemen became anxious to realize as much money as possible, and to prepare for the storm which was raging over Europe. It is needless to say, that in such times, and under such circumstances, money becomes of four times its former value, and articles of luxury diminish in proportion. The Marquis St. Angelo, rich in that most needful, resolved to save as many works of art as he could afford to purchase, and to keep them in Naples, in which city it may be said they were originally born; but it required prudence not to excite envy, or by any profusion invite plunder. In the days of revolutions, when the hand of the beggar is extended to take, not to ask, it would have been the height of imprudence to have made an ostentatious show. The Marquis, therefore, began by degrees, and became the possessor of many valuable pictures of

Salvator Rosa, who was a Neapolitan, and a personal friend of Masaniello; indeed, one of the most interesting pictures in the whole collection is that in which Salvator Rosa records a fight of the people against the royal troops near the Castella Nuova, and where he has painted himself as sharing in the dangers.

Dumas, in his Curricolo, has given one or two most interesting anecdotes of the early life of Salvator Rosa, and has recorded the firm, undeviating friendship of the painter and the popular leader. Both these men of humble birth were endued with minds far superior to the more lofty in pretensions; and Masaniello, the fisherman, and Salvata Rosa, his then poor and struggling friend and companion, have left names which are uttered with respect and admiration by all their countrymen. Masaniello was poisoned by a princess and an archbishop, and Salvator Rosa fled to Rome to make that name which is gratefully remembered by the Neapolitans.

By slow degrees this museum was accumulated; and after the death of the Marquis St. Angelo, its founder, the succeeding Marquis continued to make acquisitions as time and opportunity offered. To this nobleman,

who held a high situation under the government, the Neapolitans are indebted for the few railroads they possess; and whilst this St. Angelo was in a private station, and before he benefited his country by the introduction of railways, he suggested, and under the direction of Giordano, an engineer, that most beautiful and exquisite road from Castellamare to Sorrento was planned and executed.

St. Angelo was a man of comprehensive knowledge and vigour of intellect; and it would be well for Naples, in its present stagnation, if such another minister could arise and confer on this country the further boon of gradual improvement. No country has more resources than this, and no country more resolutely lags behind. Naples and Rome, the twin brothers of superstition and laziness, see all the world advancing with most beneficial result; but they fear to develop the mind, lest the Tom-foolery of the one, and the government of the other, should fall—never to rise again. Rome only had a few of her streets lit by gas on the 1st of January, 1854, and has not a railroad. Naples made a better advance under Padre Rocca, who by his ingenuity and wit, although the story is very

profane, succeeded in lighting the streets of Naples; and St. Angelo benefited his country by a few railways, which appear never to be destined to be prolonged.

It is quite in vain the offer of foreign capital to make this country a Paradise; they are *afraid* of improvement—they are *afraid* of the very word being mentioned—even a beard is prohibited, because it might indicate a political meaning. They wallow in their ignorance as the sow in its dirt; and in the best societies you are gravely told that the poor are better in ignorance; that they were born poor, and that it is unfortunate when any one in that situation of life rises above his own level. They don't want to be wise; they like the contracted education of the priest, and have no objection to red jackets and chains. As for liberty, what is liberty? cannot a man walk the streets, or sit at his window, and what more can they want? They are not fit for liberty, and in this blessed ignorance are they contented to remain; poverty, rags, macaroni, and oranges are their destiny: why disturb that which, however disagreeable to others, seems their inheritance?

By slow degrees, but by continually ad-

vancing, St. Angelo's palace became the resting-place of many of Salvata Rosa's best pictures; nor is the gallery confined to the works of this artist alone. There are paintings by Vandyke, Ghirlandajo, Rubens, Raphael, Gerard Dow, Paul Veronese, &c. &c.; but the most extraordinary of all, is the sketch by Michael Angelo, of his famous picture of the Last Judgment. This is carefully preserved in a case.

The Terra-Cotta collection was begun about 1806; and before the late excavations at Pompeii and elsewhere, this collection was one of the finest in Europe. It is now, of course, eclipsed by the collection in the Museum, as each year brings forth some new marvel; but the medals, of which there are no less than 60,000, will maintain its pre-eminence. The indefatigable zeal in the Chevalier to collect and classify these medals is beyond praise; and the beautiful invention in which these are placed, is not the object the least worthy of attention in the Museum. There never was a prettier or a more useful combination by which the whole are concealed and enclosed. This Museum is one of the objects best worthy of a visit in Naples; but to examine the medals

with any pretension to accuracy, would require many a *month*.

We pass to the Royal Museum; if you were to call it a National Museum, you would receive a severe reproof—every thing is royal here. It is no marvel that this is the finest in the world; there are many others which excel it in some of its detail, but as a whole, it surpasses all, from its great interest in the objects found in the excavations of Pompeii, &c. If we glance our eyes over the picture galleries, especially after visiting those of Florence, Bologna, and Rome, we shall turn away with disappointment; the National Gallery in London is far its superior! You walk through magnificent rooms with a certain quantity of paintings hanging from the walls; but scarcely one will arrest the eye, which changes from picture to picture, without resting for a minute upon one. In the fullest season the Picture Gallery of Naples is nearly almost always without visitors; they come and they go, and the usual exclamation is, "sad trash"—"dirty daubs"—"all copies"—"a few originals."

There are about five pictures before which are the copyists in crowds, and these congregate in the room over which is written "Capo

D'Opera." Here is the Madonna of Guercino; one of the hundred Holy Families of Raphael; the Madonna de Coneglio, by Coreggio, and one or two other pictures which form the stock in trade of the copyists; for years and years they copy the same pictures, until they could do it just as well at Sorrento as in the Museum. One artist told me he had copied the Madonna of Guercino two hundred times; and these pictures are copied for an absurdly low price, the sum paid by Neapolitans being from four to five piastres; and for a traveller, especially those from America or England, about eight or ten. They generally estimate the price by the number of figures; but, after all, they are sad daubs, and only fit for furniture pictures in "apartments to let." It is a common trick with these artists, and I know it by painful experience, to show the traveller a copy very well done, and consequently, with an augmented price; the bargain is struck, and the money paid; the artist professing to *bring* the picture home, as, of course, it wants here the slightest touch of varnish, there the removal of some spot of dirt; by way of a blind, the unhappy victim is asked to write his name on the *frame*, which

is only common wood, and the purchaser, elate with his bargain, goes to other marvels in the Museum. No sooner is he gone, than out comes the sample commodity from the frame, and in goes a daub, not worth a couple of piastres. This has a fresh coat of light varnish administered; and when it is dark, the picture is taken to the direction. Even the most unsuspecting, somewhat startled, perhaps, at the picture, which, brilliant as it looked by daylight, may look not quite so well done by candlelight, is satisfied that all is correct, when he sees his own name; and the picture is left, and the cheat consummated.

I fortunately avoided this. I did not like the look of the vendor; and being asked for my name and address, I said *I* would write it.

"In this book, sir?" said the artist.

"No, no," said I, "on the picture."

"On the frame, sir? here is a pencil."

"Have you no ink?"

"None."

I took the picture, and signed my name nearly in the centre, at the back of the *canvas*. I saw a slight flush come over the vendor's face, and I felt convinced I should be somehow *done*, and hinted my apprehensions to my

friend, saying to the man, "I shall pay for the picture when you bring it home."

I happened to be in the Villa Reale when I saw the caitiff coming along with the picture.

"Let me look at it," said I.

He held it up; I took it from him, and at a glance said, "This is not the picture I bought."

"Questo è da troppo!" exclaimed the knave; "why, your excellency wrote his name upon the canvas."

"True," said I, turning the picture, "and this is not my signature."

Hereupon the saints were called upon, a whole string, excepting always St. Gaetano, who was stolen from the court of St. Gennaar by a Neapolitan.

"Saints or no saints," said I, "this is not my signature; and, moreover, the name is not spelt rightly; you have devoted your copyist talent to the first part of the name, but unfortunately you have put an N for an M, and I presume I know how to spell my own name —at least as well as you do, who never saw it written before."

The man, with wonderful serenity, looked at

me, to see if I ought to be sent to Aversa, and treated quietly in that lunatic asylum.

"That will not do for me, good signor," said I, "and you shall be judged by your own countrymen." I had bought two pictures, and being cheated in the other, it was not changed. "Here, sir," I said, addressing a Neapolitan, "will you have the kindness to say if these two signatures are by the same hand?"

The stranger looked, and turning to his countryman, told him he was Birbonaccio to attempt thus to cheat a foreigner, and that he deserved the bastone—red coat and chains—for the forgery.

The villain smiled and walked away, not caring one straw for honesty, and I dare say has more successfully duped dozens with the same sample commodity.

It is not requisite to go to the Museum to be robbed; only give a Neapolitan a chance, and he will avail himself of it. One night I came rather late from the Castellamare Railway, and on jumping out of the cabriolet heard something fall from my pocket. A friend of the driver, who had taken his seat on the box, in an instant appeared to pick it up,

which he gave me—it was a five Tornese copper, the exact size of a piastre. I gave it the boy for his honesty, and he drove off quickly. I then found out I had dropped a piastre, so that the boy got the piastre and also the five Tornese piece for his *honesty!*

If a traveller wishes to buy at the Museum at Naples, he ought to pay his money and take away the picture; if you leave it for two minutes, without you have selected a daub, you will be *done* to a certainty. Never order a picture to be copied, because then you are obliged to take it, good or bad, but *see* it before you buy it.

Through gallery and gallery you walk amidst third-rate pictures; in one will be seen a terrible daub of a Masaniello, with a pipe in his mouth; and in the same room are two interesting pictures of his revolution.

Do not imagine you are not cheated by any but the poor artist or the cabriolet drivers. The gentlemen of the Museum practise an annual cheat as often as the blood of St. Gennaar liquefies. Directly the lists or catalogues are sold off, they alter the numbers of all the pictures; so that to see the Museum without being pestered by a guide, you must

buy the new catalogue, and any person who has had once the infliction of a guide, will find five catalogues cheap; but it must be remembered that you can go all over the Museum without paying a farthing. No custode can charge you a grano; and this most praiseworthy custom would be much more honoured if it were more general in Europe.

The picture gallery is scarcely worth the trouble of walking through it, so let us turn to the statuary.

In the first place, I would advise all travellers to make a study of "Bell's Observations in Italy." That learned anatomist devoted much time to the marbles in the Studio at Naples; no man better knew the right proportions to form elegance, and no one could better appreciate the beauties of a statue. Winkelman wrote as a tourist and a sculptor, Bell as a scientific observer. His remarks upon the Farnese Hercules, show that he disregarded public opinion, when that opinion was founded in error. "All elegance of form or graceful expression—all poetic influence is lost in a representation of inanimate, still, flat repose;" but it is not only in the position of the statue that Bell dares to combat public

opinion; it is in the *fact* that the whole anatomy is wrong. "Limbs* are rendered strong and muscular by labour, and may in nature even grow to an extreme size, but the trunk can only become bulky, and from the reverse of exertion. But while the artist, unconscious of this, has rendered the pectoral muscles and chest, which are really susceptible of increase, rather thin and small, we find the ribs, the rectic muscles, and muscles of the stomach, are knotted into bulky, unmeaning masses, extravagantly caricatured; insomuch, that I believe the most subtle anatomist would be at a loss to define those masses which he most affects to display."

An observer like Bell, and I have given the above quotation to show how carefully he observed, is better than a thousand Guide Books done by Stanislas D'Aloé, or a million of travellers' remarks, redolent of wonder and surprise at every new object. I shall not easily forget the impression I made upon a very learned man who accompanied me through this part of the Studii, when I combated his remarks on the perfection of this statue, and pointed out what I had carefully studied pre-

* Bell, vol. ii. p. 189.

viously in Bell. He asked me "if naval officers passed an examination as anatomists?" but I disdained to sail under false colours, and showed the book, which I had taken with me.

I do not think more beautiful statues are to be found in Europe than in this Museum. Here is the noble statue of Aristides, which is modelled and remodelled to infinity in Naples. "A grand simplicity and mild dignity are the distinguished features of this fine production."*

When the King of Naples, every year, in his excavations of Pompeii, brings to light a new wonder, it would be very hazardous for any author to attempt any thing like a list of the best statues; but from the moment he enters this division of the Museum, his eye will irresistibly be drawn from statue to statue, each appearing more beautiful than the last, until he is riveted by that of Agrippina lamenting the Death of Germanicus. "She sits," says the accomplished and learned Bell, "in silent anguish, to mourn, to meditate on his virtues, and wish for that hour which would reunite their spirits." The simplicity of design, the expression of resigned grief, must always give

* Bell.

a grandeur and charm to the subject. The statue is placed in the centre of a gallery, and cold must be the observer who passes it without remark.

It is vain to attempt a kind of catalogue of this unrivalled gallery; but the Flora, the companion of Glycon's Hercules taken from the Baths of Caracalla, may be pointed out as one of those wonderful productions of former days which your Powers at Florence, or Gibsons at Rome, can never hope to rival. It has been restored, and in its restoration the original beauties become more evident. It is a draped statue, and the drapery is almost transparent. It is beautiful, it is wonderful, and had it not been colossal, it would have been natural.

The Toro Farnese is here, the work, according to Pliny, of two Rhodians, Appolonius and Tauriscus. Read Bell, and then stand before it—it is all in a sentence. "The infuriated bull, ready to begin his murderous career, and already bounding from the ground, his head tossed in the air, and held only by the nostrils, but with a firm grasp, by one of the youths, the beautiful touching, disconsolate, and abashed condition of Dirce, who lies

almost prostrate on the earth, and is looking up with horror to the fatal completion of her abiding fate, the animated aspect of the two youths in concert straining every nerve, every sinew, with light and graceful, yet powerful action, to curb the fierce animal, is truly fine." *

What hours may not be passed in this gallery, in the company of the elegant guide, the careful observer, the consummate anatomist, BELL. I am grateful for all the instruction I have received from his book, and more so to his widow, who, although at an advanced age, draws around her, with unaffected hospitality, the best society in Naples. This lady collected her husband's notes after his death, and published the "Observations."

There are fifteen different compartments in the Museum at Naples, and some of these compartments contain what cannot be found elsewhere; for example, in that called "Ancient Drawings," all of which are taken from the walls of houses in Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pœstum, Gaeta, &c., the stranger will remark with what elegance the ancients adorned their rooms. Your attention is particularly called

* Bell, vol. ii. p. 200.

to those taken from a house called Delle Sonatrici. In every shop in Naples some of those small drawings, representing groups of dancers, or single figures, in costume light, airy, elegant; centaurs, groups of children, Cupids, fruits, and vases, the latter of models Raphael might have copied with advantage, had he known them, in the decoration of the Vatican. These must be seen at Naples; and the unexcavated remains of Pompeii still conceal many wonders of antiquity yet to be brought to light; slowly, it is true, for his Majesty prefers to entice with small elegancies before he gluts us with profusion.

The bronzes will delight many; here is a model of the celebrated Trojan Horse; it is assumed in the Neapolitan badge and in their arms; it was once, we are told, placed in the square of St. Gennaar, and performed miracles in curing maladies, and reinvigorating horses.

It is recorded, but I am sceptical of Neapolitan records after my study of St. Gennaar, that an archbishop, whose name has somehow slipped through the loophole of history, affected to be scandalized by such superstition, although, Heaven knows, plenty remains at present, ordered the horse to be melted down for bells

of churches. Count Maddalone bought the head and neck, which was entire, and presented it to the Museum. Bell calls it * "superb, unequalled, magnificent from its bulk, and invaluable in workmanship." It may be all *that*, but I doubt if Bell was a good judge of a horse. I have seen many a living creature resembling the finest statue of the Venus, or surpassing the "Stone Ideal"†—but I never saw a horse like this in any man's hunting stable, racing stable, cart, carriage, omnibus, or cab stable; nor do I believe such a horse, without it belonged to Phaëton's car, ever existed: but it is curious, as proving the pride of the Neapolitans for their Grecian descent.

Look at the Drunken Faun—you cannot resist a smile—there is such natural hilarity in the expressed joy, which does not degenerate into the burlesque; and it is difficult to make mirth respectable in a statue.

Stand for a minute before the Discobole and his antagonist, and watch attentively the

* Bell, vol. ii. p. 194.

† "I've seen more pretty women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their 'Stone Ideal.'"
BYRON.

painted eyes; then suddenly glance at the limbs, and you will fancy the figure moves, so exquisitely is it imagined. Take care not to remain too long before the Mercury in repose; it is so natural, that you will wish to share his slumbers, especially if you are a woman. There is a small Dancing Faun, which gives the name to the house at Pompeii where it was found, which will soon restore you to life and animation. This is a wonderful production. "The whole is beautiful," says Bell, "most graceful and sprightly, standing raised up on the tip of the toe, giving a singular expression of life and elasticity." This is a great deal more than can be said for Canova's statue of Ferdinand I. as Minerva. It is said the great artist was so disgusted at his own work, and the impossibility of impersonating such royalty and ugliness with wisdom, that he threw his paper cap at it in despair. Dumas says it is worth while going all the way to Naples, to see this marble caricature; Minerva looks just as stupid and heavy as was his Majesty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POMPEII.

It requires days, nay, months, to study the beauties of the Museum at Naples; and after the glory of art is exhausted, and the mind somewhat gets down from its stilts, in the wonder and admiration of these giants of old, look at the rooms devoted to the precious objects, and see how in reality the good people two thousand years ago "lived, and moved, and had their being." Here is the interior of Pompeii before your eyes; here are all the kitchen utensils—the lamps, the very rouge which had reddened a Roman lady's fair or brown cheek; the looking-glasses of polished crystal or metal; the combs, pins, or needles; every thing but one or two things, and which have not been discovered either in Pompeii,

Herculaneum, or Cuma; for instance, spectacles, or anything to assist the short-sighted, although it must be presumed that the infirmity of age was as common two thousand years ago as it is now; although the frippery of fashion might not have caused a Roman to strut about with an eye-glass stuck ridiculously before his eye, and made the victim believe himself exalted before his fellow-men, if he could hold it there without the use of his hand. The use of a glass, when it is useless, makes the necessity of its use to be useful.

After a time, the eye requires the assistance with which previously you had encumbered it; and hence in France, amongst the young men who swell the tide of human folly in human fashion, you meet few who are not condemned to spectacles. It is like a man committing suicide—he rushes into that death to which he is slowly but surely travelling; and if the foolish, light-brained boy will but await his time, he will come to spectacles without his hurrying himself to the calamity.

In May, 1854, the first discovery was made of a magnifying power in a piece of crystal polished, and evidently used to assist the eyes. Burning-glasses are older than Pompeii. An-

other article also has not yet come to light in the surgical department, although the discoveries of 1853 are proofs that the modern instruments for the extraction of the stone, and other serious operations, were exactly the same two thousand years ago, excepting in the neatness of the manufacture and in the handles. I refer to those terrible keys used in the extraction of teeth. But here, again, is a very curious and almost incredible circumstance—there never has been one skeleton, or a skull, found in Pompeii in which a tooth was wanting; nor did I find, although I spent days at the Museum, an ear-trumpet, or any thing resembling an instrument for the conveyance of sound. The Romans were surely not exempt from the three warnings of age! There are ear-rings, rings, brooches, and all that females estimate in the glaring impotence of dress; and some of the rings—evidently worn by women, from the size—betray most voluptuously the disposition of the mind.

These are curious facts, and had such things existed they would have been found, for we have the whole contents of a surgeon's shop; and so carefully have the excavators been in their researches, that oil, preserved in the bottle

of two thousand years of age, is to be seen; a loaf of bread, five eggs, nuts, dried cherries, wine, fresh olives, and other articles of minor importance; in fact, millions of articles, even to an inkstand, with the ink hardened in it, and no less than 13,000 different objects in bronze of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the implements used in the sacrifices to the smallest weight for scales, are in the Museum.

They gambled, also, did these friends of Sallust, and the dice were loaded exactly as they are done now. This similarity in cheating, shows how prosperous is vice in invention; and that which was perfection in fraud ages and ages ago, even modern scoundrels have not altered or improved.

Even in cruelty we have not much advanced. I put a young lady in the bilboes taken from Pompeii, and in which four skeletons were found. The bilboes are exactly the same as the irons used on board a man of war. Do you want a Roman skull, you will find it here, helmet and all, as worn by the sentinel at the Appian gate; he was too good a soldier to forsake his post, and as no officer thought of his relief, he was burnt, horse and all. I

doubt this anecdote, although not the skull; for I visited the post at Pompeii, and felt satisfied no Roman soldier was ever boxed up on horseback like the Life Guards or Blues at the Horse Guards. I never could see the use of torturing the animals or of wearying the sentinel from his position; if any thing would render such a guardian sleepy, it would be the ease he enjoys, and the impossibility of exercise.

But what is there new under the sun? Only railroads and electric telegraphs, steamships and chloroform; and these four have annihilated time and space, and saved man from the dreadful pains of torture and suspense.

Walk carefully through Pompeii and find one mark of a chimney!—no such thing exists; and yet the baker's oven is there, and on his loaf his name; the formation of the oven is just the same as is used now, but the smoke escaped differently. You are shown kitchens, but there is not a chimney. You have panes of glass left in the windows; you can trace every thing, and yet how were the splendid feasts prepared, of which the modern alderman might envy Lucullus?

A grave, sedate kind of philosophic member

of the good-feeding society, after mature deliberation, decided that the dinners were *all cold*, but I presume they were not all *raw*; besides, the kitchens are such desperate holes. I dined in Sallust's house, in the learned man's regular salle à manger; the flowers were missing which formerly adorned the terrace, but down the aperture in which formerly the table was fixed, I carefully placed some chicken bones; and after another two thousand years, and after another eruption, these may puzzle the antiquarian.

It is not permitted to eat even, when walking in the streets of Pompeii, without an order, neither are you allowed to ride a mule through this desolation without permission; with that, you may select your house of accommodation; Sallust's, Diomede's, or where Vice was rampant, as may be proved by observation; or you may run the chance of breaking your neck from the insecure pavement on which the surest-footed animal may walk. The reason for this severity and inconvenience arose from the frequent acts of destruction practised more frequently by the English and American than by any other people. It was a common practice, my guides informed me,

for I visited Pompeii many and many a time, for strangers to eat in the different houses, in different rooms—and invariably some painting disappeared, or some wall was injured; to avoid that, the strictest orders were given that none but those having permission could eat in the streets or houses. I have seen a family obliged to go outside the walls, before they were allowed to demolish even a biscuit.

If any dilapidation does occur, the government know where to look for the offender, especially if he happened to eat where the mischief was created. That foolish plan of breaking off a piece of stucco here, or spoiling some mosaic there, still exists, and I wish I could conscientiously say that my party were entirely innocent. I was shown a whole and most exquisite figure, stolen from the walls of the baths; "and," said the excited possessor, "if I could only prove that this came from where it did come, I could get fifty pounds for it to-morrow." The guides are constantly on the alert, and there are soldiers to watch the guides; but with all their surveillance, some quick girl—for girls are always the most curious, and consequently the most mischievous—contrives to "pocket a treasure."

The Romans of former days never could have gone out to dinner in their carriages: there is no street in Pompeii where two carriages or carts could have passed; but the wear of the pavement proves that things on wheels did pass. This must have been of peculiar construction to have passed from one street to the other, for the streets are at right angles, and at every angle there is a huge stone, which makes a bridge for the pedestrian; and if you carefully examine these bridges, you will see that it was not possible for two carriages, the size of a barrow on two wheels, to have passed; and you will be much puzzled to find out how any carriage turned the corners: there is no vehicle in the Museum to clear up the difficulty. The street leading to the Forum was barred as effectually as the Lord Mayor could do it; and no carriage ever passed through that street, although it was the broadest in Pompeii. There is no mark of a wheel here.

Standing in this abode of silence and desolation, in comparison with which a narrow street in London on a Sunday is an animation, there comes over the mind a certain melancholy, which even the strangeness of the scene

cannot enliven. The eye wanders over low, roofless buildings, over pavement worn by human and animal feet, but not a soul is to be seen, not a voice to be heard; there is such an awful death-like stillness, that the mind shrinks into itself, and a gloomy feeling of awe overpowers it. The streets are the same; there is nothing to change the current of the thought, it is all desolation; the water which bubbled in its fountains has long since ceased; and much as the inquisitive eye may brighten at a new mosaic, or a stranger sign, to indicate the once forbidden calling of the house, the animation of the moment is soon stilled by the monotony and the quiet.

Nobody can describe Pompeii, not even Gell; and it is better to enliven it, as Dumas has done, by an imaginary fable, than seriously to attempt its description; the language would take the hue and character of the place, and the reader would, on awakening, thank his stars that sleep could be procured without opium; but with all this, I pity the traveller who passes it by unseen, or with the modern eagerness to have *done* a sight, hurry through the ruins of this once great city, in order to catch the first train from Castellamare, or save

the soup from being cold. To a reflective mind, the scene is great and awful; to the frivolous, it is dull and monotonous; to the wise, it is the tomb of grandeur and splendour; to the fool, it is but a pack of old walls and rubbish; and to the man who is neither one nor the other of the above, it is a strange proof that after so long a lapse of time so little has been improved. Nay, it is before Naples *now* even in its trottoirs, for almost all the streets of Pompeii have this safeguard, whereas in Naples, although the pavement there is without a rival in the world, the foot-passenger will find no security; but in the Toledo, the Strada St. Brigida, and Strada St. Giacomo, all the rest, even the splendid Chiaja, although a road is made for those who ride, independent of the carriage road, there is no trottoir for those who walk.

Every one, wise or fool, gentle or simple, must be struck with admiration and wonder at the Forums of Pompeii, for here they are better brought before the eye than at Rome. They were giants in those days; but after the grandeur of their theatres and amphitheatres, and the immensity of their proportions, the smallness of the houses, the narrowness of

the streets, and the inconvenience of the arrangements, the traveller is perplexed which most to admire or despise.

It seems as if all their wealth had been squandered upon outside show and amusements. A man of one hundred pounds per annum would shrink away in disgust from the best bed-room of all Pompeii. It is evident light and air formed no part of a Roman dormitory; the beds must have been as short and as small as in a German village, and there is only one double bed-room in the whole city. It is remarked by Bell, that the Romans, even in their zenith and in their most polished state, were a people who knew no domestic, no polite, no refined pleasures; they conquered to enjoy, and enjoyed without control.

All travellers delight in some eccentricities; so, after measuring my length on the floor of the Vestals' sleeping-room, I drew up my party on the stage of the theatre at Herculaneum, and we managed a quintette without even the statues of the Balbi to interfere with our music. I flatter myself there is something original since the eruption in the latter—very few have sung at the Herculaneum Theatre.

The contents of the whole city of Pompeii are to be found at the Museum of Naples; and having seen the walls, you can better appreciate the furniture. I would advise every one who really wishes to profit by his visit to Pompeii, and not to run through it like a school-boy on a frosty morning, to study Gell first, then read up all he can find to read on the subject (I read six volumes of Poerio's trial, and that is not quite so interesting), then visit Pompeii twice or three times, and then re-read what he had read before: it may sound like a task, but it will prove a pleasure. And the man who devotes his time to such advantage, will find his reward in the years of reminiscences which will thus be engraven on his memory.

Amongst the omissions which Pompeii does not supply, are stables. There is a house outside the Appian Gate, which was declared to have been an inn, and a skeleton of a donkey was found there; but although the Romans used horses as they are used in the present time, I never could discover a place which bore the slightest semblance to a stable. It is true, only one-fourth of the city is yet excavated, and there may yet come to light a

quarter of the town destined for the animals, but it is odd to find the marks of wheels on the pavement, and see the rings to which horses were attached, and yet to be unable to fix where or how the animals were sheltered or protected.

The wine cellars are better defined; and it is clear that Mr. Diomede, whoever he might have been—for the house is merely named after a tomb opposite to it—had a good stock, as may be seen by the jars still remaining, each large enough to carry out the fable of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; besides, Diomede had two grand entrances to his house, and was so fond of money, that he lost his life in waiting to load himself and his servant with the coveted gold. The marks in the walls in the cellar of this house, where the family were all suffocated, are about the most curious which even Pompeii could unfold. In some of the houses the bad cockney taste of the present day may be found, and the fountains were nothing but squirts.

On the whole, I doubt if any visitor would much envy the Roman style of life, as gleaned from either this ruined city or Herculaneum, without, indeed, he were fond of the sports of

the amphitheatre; and much as compassion revolts at the gladiatorial exhibition, or the more fearful contest with wild animals, yet it is easy to imagine that a taste for such exhibitions once formed, the excitement would soon obliterate the cruelty. Those who have seen duels in Germany with broad-swords, or the more elegant death-seeking rapier of France, have seen a gladiatorial exhibition without the arena and the company; but a savage, ferocious, half-famished wild animal slipped upon his human prey, is something beyond the poetry of the mind. Man, savage man, almost as barbarous as the brute, reconciles himself to all cruelties; will gloat over the fantastical fight of a dog and a monkey, and fly into ecstacies at some varmint terrier destroying its hundred rats in a given time. A Spanish bull-fight is a tame representation of a Roman amphitheatre, and that is exciting enough, and always cruel. The Romans only did as a public spectacle, that which some men do as a gentlemanly recreation. A bear-baiting, with the animal chained and muzzled, is the very height of cruelty; and yet you will find hundreds to pay their money, and that is the best proof of the pleasure, to witness the savage scene.

In 488 of Rome, the first gladiatorial exhibition was introduced by two brothers of the family of Brutus to honour their father's obsequies. This was evidently a resuscitation of the ancient custom of immolating prisoners taken in battle as a sacrifice to the dead. Homer mentions such sacrifices by Achilles to the shade of Patroclus; and the pious Eneas, in Virgil, sent prisoner to Evander, to be executed on the funereal pile of his son, Pallentes. The gladiators soon afterwards were regularly trained at Capua, and the instructor became the contractor for public shows or private entertainments. The poor wretch who was wounded looked to his master, the Lanista, for the signal of life or death; the slightest expression of fear was followed by the fatal signal, and the whole arena joined in the inhuman shout; and what availed the casement of steel against the tiger's spring? it was a refinement of cruelty in placing trees in the arena—it prolonged the unequal struggle; the heavy paw of the animal was almost always fatal.*

The Museum of Naples is the interior of Pompeii; it surpasses all Europe, because it has within two hours' distance cities yet un-

* Vide Seneca, Epistle vii.

excavated, and which every day yield something more to excite modern curiosity. Other museums must collect at a vast expense that which is procured at Naples for the small annual sum the king allows for excavations; and certainly by this tardy proceeding he keeps up the excitement. There was a house excavated with its *roof;* hundreds went to see that, who had considered Pompeii *done*. They tile the houses in Naples exactly as the Romans did their buried city; there has not been the slightest improvement. Other cities have used zinc and a thousand inventions—but Naples, blessed, pretty, idle, degenerate Naples, has not made one step in advance. Even in its pearl beyond price, Sicily, the brightest gem of its crown in many parts, there are no carriage roads. A company of Frenchmen offered to make them; the viceroy sanctioned the speculation, knowing how requisite it was, and how beneficial it would prove. It was referred to Naples for ratification. The king *refused it;* the same occurred in a proposition to light Palermo with gas; his Majesty thought it better to keep his subjects in the dark.

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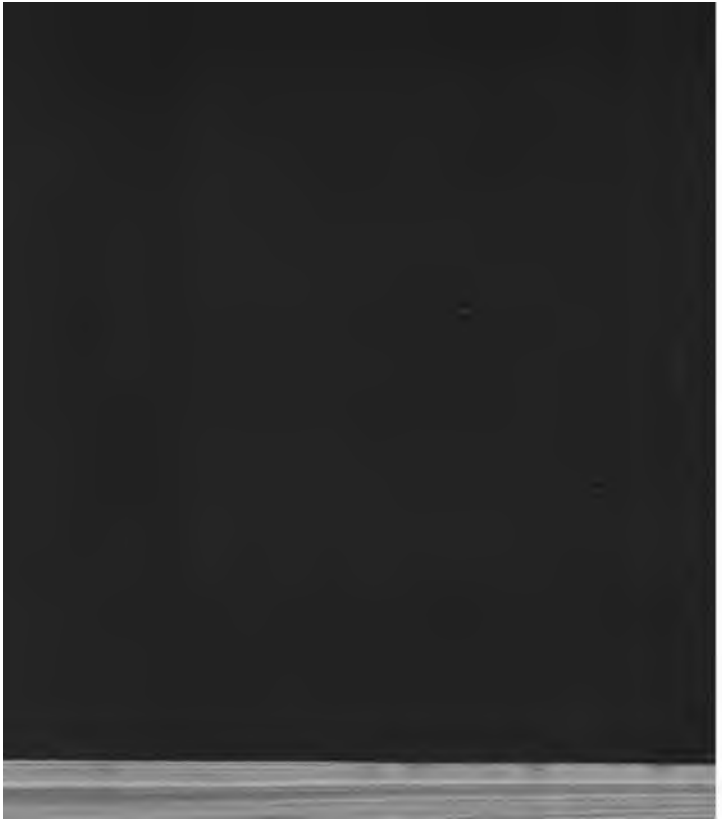

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